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MR. MILL AND BRADLAUGH.

MR. MILL'S strong individuality seems to be aggravating itself into a disease. It will never be a contagious one. There is little fear of Mr. Mill's wilder exhibitions of personal independence being generally imitated. He has told us in his essay on Liberty that individual superiority to all sorts of conventions is the want of the age. And he is probably endeavouring to supply it. But so great an economist should have avoided overstocking the market. We could enumerate several of Mr. Mill's startling developments which for the time amply met the effectual demand. His last venture has sent down the commodity in which he deals almost below quotation-mark. There has long been a growing disposition to adopt Mr. Mill's principles of liberty to the full. We are all willing to encourage, many of us ready to illustrate, disregard of convention, both in important and unimportant affairs; there is no reasonable length which the better and more intelligent sort of people will not go in these times to assert and practise the freedom of the individual. But it is not a reasonable proceeding to support every insignificant person who, basing himself on his own lack of religion and conduct, and on his equal lack of respect for the religion and conduct of others, seeks to thrust himself uninvited into public life.

It may be said that Mr. Mill has a right to subscribe to Mr. Bradlaugh's election expenses, and that no one has any right to call his act in question; but we can only agree to the first part of this allegation. When Mr. Mill takes such a step as this, his example challenges the conscience of every man in these realms who is proud to acknowledge Mr. Mill as a high moral and political authority. It is a hard saying that one ought to support the candidature of such a man as Bradlaugh; yet to hundreds of Liberal and intellectual men in Great Britain Mr. Mill's subscription will have the importance, if not the force, of an authoritative behest. Mr. Mill owes much more consideration to these men than to the vulgar vanity of an atheistical nobody. Yet he slights them, and sends this person ten pounds. And he does it at a time when he is under special obligations to justify the enthusiasm of his friends, and to baulk, for the sake of the good Liberal cause, the malice of his enemies. What is being done for Mr. Mill at this moment in Westminster, by the energy and high-minded zeal of his supporters, calls for a more prudent, and, were it of any other man we should say, a less egotistical line of conduct. His Bradlaugh subscription goes far to overthrow the edifice which Mr. Mill's generous supporters in Westminster have so affectionately raised. Of course, Mr. Mill would reply that he would as little think of paying for a seat in Parliament in the way of modifications of con-

duct as in the way of election expenses; but though we should be the first to claim for this great and generous philosopher the right to sit in the House of Commons without personal sacrifice, we should be the last to allow that the ordinary rules of good feeling and co-operation can be abrogated in his or any man's favour. Besides, Mr. Mill should consider not only the susceptibilities of his friends, but the malignity of his enemies. And those enemies hate not only him but his cause. Now, a hundred Bradlaughs would not sink Mill as a politician and philosopher, but one tied round Mr. Mill's neck by his own hand suffices to drag the Liberal cause in Westminster all but under water. And Mr. Mill has done this without justification, without tenable excuse—in sheer generous wantonness.

Who is Bradlaugh? Nay, who cares who he is? Did he ever say or write a word that stamped itself on the mind of the country or of any class in it? The only thing he is popularly known by is an indecent attack on the Trinity, which ineffable mystery was described in the *National Reformer* as "a great big monkey sitting upstairs in the clouds, with his all-seeing eye upon you." "Oh, brethren," exclaimed the elegant humourist, "mind the whisk of his tail. An old monkey of our tribe saw it once; it had three ends and only one top, and the stump was like three, and the ends were one. And this almighty monkey, who made everything out of nothing before there was anything, had a whelp or cub which never was born," and so on. But this atrocious revel of blasphemy was not composed by Mr. Bradlaugh. As it is a question of taste and propriety, not a question of theological opinion, no explanation that Mr. Bradlaugh has ever given acquits him of responsibility for it, since it appeared in the publication he edits, and has been justified in his pages with unctuous conceit as "one of our bursts of Rabelaisian laughter." But as a matter of fact he did not write it. He has often been as coarse, but never so striking. Indeed, the memory of man is blank respecting Bradlaugh, except that he is vaguely supposed to be a petty retailer in less decent form of the common quibbles and impertinences of Payne, Southwell, and Holyoake. He is in no sense a representative man. Even on his one subject of theology he would never be invited to or missed from any congress of religious, or even irreligious, thinkers. No principle of liberty is at stake in his person. No doctrine of politics needs, or will ever profit by his advocacy. He stands for nothing except the odious vice of coarsely, and without reverence, assaulting the religious convictions of his countrymen. And there is too much reason to believe that Mr. Bradlaugh, if he were to enter Parliament—which, as Mr. Bright says, is a bold figure of speech—would definitely propose an attack on religion as an essential preliminary to political progress. A writer in his paper asks,

"Can such otherwise well-informed men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Beales, be blind to the fact that the religion they persist in upholding is the one great obstacle in the way," &c., &c. "Mere political reformers regard the exposure of religious error of small importance, but unless the people are relieved of their superstitions, the best political system that can be devised would fail to render them happy, prosperous, or free." Of course Mr. Bradlaugh would say that these are not necessarily his opinions, and that the *National Reformer* is open to writers of all opinions; but every one knows that he does not publish it in support of the Christian religion, and he cannot be absolved from the responsibility of statements which he notoriously approves.

To prove that Mr. Mill can have no sympathy with fanatical and intolerant rubbish of this kind would be an impertinence. His humanity is too sympathetic and profound, and enters too deeply into his political and philosophical system for him to be capable of thus arraying himself against faiths which he is the first to admit contribute in various degrees to the civilization of the world. Nor is Mr. Mill's appreciation of religion a mere general indulgence. Nothing is more remarkable than the acuteness and truth with which he distinguishes between different faiths. For example, he stands alone amongst philosophers of his school in asserting the special value of Protestant spirituality, distinguishing himself in this and other points from Mr. Buckle and similar writers. Even if he lacked appreciation, in which it is almost impossible to imagine him deficient, Mr. Mill would still be the most courteous, the most charitable, the most kindly of religious critics; and it is notorious that not only such men as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, but the great mass of intelligent Christian people, can read, enjoy, and even sympathize with the warmest passages in which he tilts against prevalent religious notions. What community of ideas or interest can there be between such a man and one who calls a minister of the Gospel a "rat-faced preacher," publishes a description of the Messiah as "a Jewish peasant of low birth, subject to maniacal delusions," and cheers his readers by permitting the Day of Judgment to be anticipated in his paper as "a blazing exhibition of fireworks"?

If we pass to politics, we find Mr. Bradlaugh strutting about in the part of Vergniaud, and longing, for anything that appears to the contrary, for the rôle of Robespierre. "The Lords," he says, "are very few, and a great many of them are very rascally, but that is no reason why they should be snuffed out altogether." When he was a leader of the Reform League, he said there must be "cheaper and more menacing meetings" held near the Houses of Parliament, and that if the House of Commons did not pass the Reform Bill it would be the right and duty of somebody to prevent the continuance of the House of Commons. Mr. Bradlaugh is also a great apostle of the "preventive check." He publishes with applause the following remarkable lines, contributed by a lady, on the subject of the repression of poverty:—"Another party suggests a remedy, namely celibacy. What ignorance! Man, know thyself, has been wisely urged. What does celibacy mean? It means this, prostitution or insanity. The man who advocates celibacy knows nothing of himself and his physical organization. . . . What are the majority of women in our towns fit for after they have borne a large family, and lived a half-starved existence? . . . I trust they may learn to understand the laws of population, so that each man may not have more children than will produce comfort to himself, and justice to his fellow-men. Man might then if he chose live out a noble life, and if we beheld vice in our streets we should not have to sigh and exclaim while we deplored it—'This evil is a necessary one.'" The delicate-minded lady who makes these suggestions would possibly wish to have it thought that in this at least her guide, philosopher, and friend, Bradlaugh, would enjoy the sympathy of Mr. Mill; but, unless she painfully misleads us, her preventive check is not the manly continence which in an overwrought moral and economical enthusiasm Mr. Mill proposes; and the "noble life" of which she speaks, and of which Mr. Bradlaugh would approve, is one for which Mr. Mill would entertain an unspeakable disgust.

Such is "Iconoclast" as a political and social reformer, so far as he has figured in that character before the public. At the very least we might have hoped that such a man would not have aggravated his shortcomings by doing the only thing which remained undone to prove himself unworthy

of Mr. Mill's patronage. His appearance at Northampton is utterly unjustifiable. He has attacked Lord Henley with a virulence that he could not have exceeded if Lord Henley had been a Christian apostle; but he has not advanced a single valid objection to that nobleman remaining Mr. Gilpin's colleague. Nor can a reason be found. Lord Henley is unquestionably a sound Liberal, who will never halt; and we have not yet got so far in England that a man of rank must *quâ* man of rank be expelled from Parliament whenever a rough *quâ* rough chooses to claim his seat. Mr. Mill says he is sure Mr. Bradlaugh would never divide the Liberal interest. But what says he himself? Our readers must know that of late Mr. Bradlaugh has written but little for publication except tirades of fulsome self-flattery and egotistical journalizing. For instance, he begins his leading article one week as follows:—"One thousand miles and four lectures in two days and three nights and back to business at ten on Monday, and this with an atmosphere in the railway-carriage nearly allied to a badly-heated Turkish bath, and with the ever-gathering dust of the road clogging each pore of the skin, and effectively impeding nature's efforts to keep the body cool." Now an editor-candidate, who insists upon telling all his readers that he is deprived of the pleasures of perspiration, was not likely to leave unnoticed the fact that he was about to be confronted with a Tory candidate in addition to the two other Liberals already in the field. How did he comment on this fact? Did he announce that he would not divide the Liberal interest, or did he return Mr. Mill's subscription? What he said was this:—"It is not enough that we have to fight the united forces of the Whigs. The duel is to be a triangular one, so that the issue to be decided will indeed be the wide one—Ay or no; may honest heresy enter Parliament?" Any one can foresee that unless the Northampton operatives, as most likely they will, should leave Mr. Bradlaugh at the bottom of the poll with some seventy or eighty opposite his name,—if, in other words, his candidature is in any considerable degree encouraged by the voters as it has been by Mr. Mill,—the Tory will walk in, and we hear that most probably it will be Lord Henley and not Mr. Gilpin who will walk in with him. It is deeply to be regretted that the names of Mill and Bradlaugh should have been brought together. The enemies of Liberalism will say it is an "ominous conjunction." It is not so, because it augurs no real declension or depravation of the Liberal cause. But, in the interests of public decency, it is lamentable that Mr. Mill, of all men, should have seemed to give an *imprimatur* and a premium to the ridiculous ambition of a crude and shallow sciolist.

WAR, AND THE EMPEROR.

FROM every side we hear the most positive assurances of peace, and yet Europe seems to be darkening towards war. Hitherto there has been an impression abroad that the war-rumours and the war-excitement prevalent in France were due, wholly or in part, to one of three causes. Some suspected an effort on the part of certain speculators to lower the French funds; others attributed the disturbance to particular Parisian journals, seeking only their own benefit; while the majority boldly laid the covert tentatives at the feet of the Emperor, who was supposed to be anxious to withdraw attention from the revolutionary movement beginning to manifest itself on the political horizon, in order to save a tottering dynasty by holding out prospects of a great military success. If the last of these suppositions be true, it is just possible that the Franklin of the Tuileries has trifled too long with the thunder-cloud; and that now, whether he wills it or not, the thin white shaft of fire will leap out, pregnant with consequences to him and to the boy whom he hopes will succeed him as the ruler of France. The signs of approaching conflict seem to us to be altogether unmistakable, although it is impossible to say how long the declaration of war may be postponed. French troops are being withdrawn from Algeria, "for economical purposes," of course. The fortresses on the eastern frontier of France are being stored with men and ammunition. Count Bismarck suddenly gets better—and if the popular notion of his complaint is correct, a new and definite object presented to his mind is the best thing to cure him. "I perceive in the representatives of the army and navy assembled here," says the veteran King William, in

Holstein, "the vigour of the Fatherland, who have proved that they do not shun accepting a challenge and fighting it out if compelled to do so." Could any declaration be more explicit? The words are themselves a challenge. Some of the Parisian journals find nothing but angelic indications of peace in the King's address; the Parisian Bourse, however, took alarm, and contributed something very like a panic to our own Exchange. Then, says the *International Bulletin* of Dresden, the Prussian War Minister has sent to the Saxon General a minute plan of the campaign between France and Germany, with directions for the disposition of the 12th (Saxon) Army Corps in the event of war breaking out.

We say France and Germany, not France and Prussia. The first war-note sounded by France is the signal for that unification of Germany which France has been most anxious to avert. The stolid folk of Baden, who cannot forget the part that King William played in 1848, the half-shrinking Bavarians, the envious and rebellious Hanoverians, and the scarcely friendly populace of Saxony and the smaller States, would on the instant enrol themselves under the black eagle for the defence of the Fatherland. In view of this quite inevitable climax, it might seem impossible that Louis Napoleon should imperil the closing years of his reign by a conflict with Germany. Were he an honest man—had he in any measure adhered to that programme which he held in his hand when he asked the French people to make him Prince-President for ten years, and afterwards when he founded the Empire—one might feel inclined to pity the position in which the Emperor of the French is now placed. Backwards he cannot go; and in front—what awaits him? Ever since the 3rd of July, 1866, the chance has been offered to him of adding security to the permanence of his dynasty by the quiescence of Europe. He has never availed himself of these hundred opportunities; on the contrary, he has adopted a blow-hot and blow-cold policy, which is now, according to all political precedent, about to bear its fruit. The apprehensive "feelers" which he put forth, immediately after the Prussian successes in Bohemia, about a rectification of the Rhine frontier, were met with a rude repulse. No response on his part, pacificatory or warlike, followed. The Luxembourg question for weeks trembled on the verge of war; and the concessions then granted by both sides—for, practically, Prussia and France were alone concerned—were unsatisfactory as regarded any permanent arrangement. Since then we have heard of nothing on the Prussian side but experiments with new breech-loaders, the consolidation of the incorporated States, and the closer drawing together of the two halves of the empire separated by the Main; while on the French side there has been an equal, if not more pronounced, movement in the direction of perfecting war appliances, and preparing the nation for offence and defence. If there is one ray of hope which points to the averting of such a calamity as a war between France and Prussia, it lies in the fact that the situation of affairs was nearly as bad immediately before the settlement of the Luxembourg difficulty. Nearly as bad only. The peculiar aspect of the present complication is, that there is nothing in it which invites to a settlement. It was very well for the other European Powers to interfere in a matter where the basis of complaint was patent; but how is any minister to interfere between two nations which have nothing to quarrel about but mutual jealousy? The King of Prussia's speech is certainly provocative, but you cannot call upon a king to withdraw his words. King William virtually flings in the face of his opponent some such declaration as this: "I don't want to fight, but I'm not the least afraid of you; and if it comes to fighting, I shall be able to hold my own." In spheres where diplomatic language is unknown, such a challenge is generally answered by a sudden and decisive blow. In the present case no one can predict how soon this definite response may be given to King William's words; but we shall be very much surprised if vigorous action does not follow the indiscreet attitude assumed by the King. Not necessarily at once. The arrangements for a European conflict are not made in a day; but whether the French Emperor—in whose hands the decision obviously rests—should resolve to strike at once, or wait until another winter has enabled him further to increase his armaments, it appears to us indubitable that an international war, of an extent and bitterness such as history has seldom recorded, lies immediately in the way of these two nations.

And what of Louis Napoleon, meanwhile? What of that child who has already had to experience political enmity in the somewhat absurd opposition of young Cavaignac? We are inclined to think that the option hitherto possessed by the Emperor, of pacifying his people by timely concession, has gone from him. The alternative of freeing France or fighting Prussia has become a dubious one; the opportunity of retrieving his popularity by "crowning the edifice" has been neglected too long, and now disappears. If his only resource is to fight Prussia, consider the terrible results of failure! Just now Spain is supposed to be coaxing France to grant that last and tottering stronghold of the Bourbons her protection; but the throne of Spain would be a rock of adamant compared with the throne of France if a disastrous campaign should crown the ill-luck of the Emperor. As the case now stands, Louis Napoleon is the most perplexed sovereign in Europe. He has no refuge from foes at home except in rushing to meet foes abroad. What will then become of that continuance of his dynasty which only the friendly co-operation of Continental Powers could have secured? He has recently been playing the part of pacific mediator in the affairs of Europe; and it was not too much to expect that those countries which he thus benefited would repay in kind, did necessity demand it. But now, if he goes to war with Prussia, it is impossible to say how many of his former friends may be to-morrow his enemies. If the statements in the Viennese papers are to be depended on, Austria will not hold herself aloof from the coming struggle. Italy is certain to be involved; and Spain, with that madness which is begotten of bigotry and ignorance, is only too likely to precipitate her downfall by meddling in the affairs of Rome. The collapse of the Empire is the inevitable result of Prussian success; but, even if the Emperor were to win, his position is a most peculiar one. He is over sixty years of age; his constitution is not a very vigorous one, nor has it been always trained under the most desirable conditions. Nobody except M. Rochefort has thought fit to satirize his efforts to introduce the Empress into politics; but the country would rather see her an authority in costume than in national government. And the heir to the throne is a boy of twelve, who will be left with the doubtful reputation bequeathed to him by his father as a protection against the violent political animosities daily growing more dangerous in France. The position is indeed a most perilous one; one can scarcely say whether it will become more perilous through a war or through a continuance of an unwholesome peace.

We have nothing to add to the summary, which appeared in these columns last week, of the comparative resources of the two countries. The probabilities of such a war as is likely to occur between two Powers in the position of France and Prussia are not to be decided by a mere comparison of numerical strength, war-material, and financial soundness, however much these conditions may determine the chances of a protracted struggle. One grand reversal suffered by the French troops would inevitably bring the question of the Empire to a close. On the other hand, if France expects to throw her whole force into one or two decisive battles at the outset, and then to offer a magnanimous peace, as was done at Solferino and Sadowa, it may safely be affirmed that the Prussian nation will refuse any such compromise. Whichever way one may look at it—whether France be successful or the reverse, or whether she engages in a war or no—the position of Louis Napoleon is not of a kind to excite the envy of his brother potentates. Had he been truer, as we say, to the traditions of his early training and to his public professions, he would have carried with him into the coming conflict more of the sympathy of Europe; as it is, France is now likely to consider her own interests as something quite apart from the fate of the Napoleonic dynasty.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

SOME time ago the Marquis of Bute, then a minor, sent a letter to one of his agents in Cardiff relative to the representation of the place. The borough was in the possession of Colonel Stuart, a Liberal, who is a cousin of the Marquis. Colonel Stuart has his seat threatened by Mr. Giffard, a Conservative barrister, and his young lordship is gradually brought round by his friends to support the latter. All this is simple enough. It may appear, on the face of it,

absurd that a boy who might have infancy pleaded for him if he got into debt, should be able to influence an election and to return a candidate. But somehow or other we have reconciled ourselves to that state of things long ago. There are still dukes in this country who could give a borough to a friend as easily as they could give him a day's shooting. Now Cardiff belongs to the Marquis of Bute, and when he claimed the opinions of the electors as also belonging to him, he only attempted to anticipate a natural right. Up to a certain time he had not interfered; but a gentle pressure is put upon him by an official legislator. Sir James Fergusson is described as the keeper of his lordship's conscience. He keeps it Conservative, and he suggested to the Marquis that Toryism demanded patronage from the heir to the great docks of the Welsh seaport. Whereupon his lordship ordains that Mr. Giffard should receive his support. A Mr. Boyle appears also on the scene. Mr. Boyle is a hot Disraelite. He described the Marquis as being "Conservative, as much by his mother's milk as by his father's blood." There could be no mistake, he considered, about the principles of a gentleman nourished upon such aliments. Between Mr. Boyle and Sir John Fergusson the job was done, and it is expected that Cardiff will dutifully obey the wish of the Marquis.

We learn from the papers this week that the town we refer to was engaged in celebrating the birthday of its Marquis. The accounts of the festivities prove how thoroughly certain classes among us are permeated by that flunkeyism which Thackeray spent years in satirizing. The population of Cardiff were beside themselves with joy. We are told that the children of different religious persuasions walked together without fighting, and that even the Plymouth Brethren conducted themselves pacifically. The crowd was feasted upon pudding and cider, while the Marquis provided cake and tea for the schools in the town and the vicinity. The local bard was called into requisition; and he, probably after having inspirited himself with the unusual luxury of cake and tea, wrote a triumphal song, beginning,—

"God bless the Lord of Bute,
Long live our noble Bute,
God bless Lord Bute;
Around his presence stay,
Direct his brilliant way,
And hear us when we pray,
God bless Lord Bute!"

Better poetry could scarcely be expected from cake and tea; but we should have been glad to know whether the "brilliant way" is supposed to be the political path which his lordship is expected to choose. Banners were borne aloft inscribed either with a text of Scripture a compliment to Lord Bute, or the monogram of the Marquis. "*A text of Scripture a compliment to Lord Bute.*" Is not that delicious? It makes us proud of the Welsh. Those good people never forget what is due to religion and to his Lordship; and to cull an elegant extract from the Book of God as an ornament to please a peer on his birthday is typical at once of their pious and feudal sentiments. During this halcyon time we are told the lion lay down with the lamb—the dangerous Radical drank a health to the peaceful Conservative. And we are informed that the consequence was, in some instances, a change in the ways of the Radical. In fact, the Liberal party in Cardiff say that those birthday junketings are simply electioneering dodges. They impugn the motives which supplied the puddings and the pipers, which inspired the mottoes and the complimentary bits of Scripture. Our contemporary, the *Standard*, has a correspondent who turns fiercely on them for this scepticism. "They need not" ("they" meaning "Radicals"), he says, "have chosen as the time for throwing mud the days that general consent had set apart for strewing flowers." It really was cruel. If a birthday does come at a time when an election is at hand, and if the fireworks are used for political as well as festive purposes, what is the harm when all is said? If the Radicals have no fireworks, no complimentary texts of Scripture, and no means of organizing processions in which an Eirenicon can be achieved, or a Happy Family of local and national creeds can be displayed, so much the worse for them. This is the way that sensible English people will view the matter. In fact, it offends our prejudices that a Marquis should have his will opposed at all. When once he made it known, it was the duty of the Liberal candidate to give up.

There are really persons who still think like this in our

country. It is almost despairing to have to contemplate such a tone of feeling, but it exists. When we reflect for a moment on the loss of character and self-respect sustained by a community at this season of peer-worshipping, we are inclined to believe that we pay dearly for our peers altogether. Not only in Cardiff, but far away in Rothesay, we have further instances of the miserable fatuities of snobbery. We are informed that the "volunteers, the magistrates, and the Council of Rothesay," waited on his lordship with the freedom of the burgh, and with addresses of the most fulsome kind. In return he gave them as much as they could eat and drink, followed by a course of those inevitable fireworks which always ensue on these occasions, we presume, because open-mouthed astonishment is a sensation strong enough for idiots to feel. Of the Marquis himself nobody knows anything, although we have no doubt but that the Rothesayians pronounced him overflowing with every virtue under heaven. Mr. Boyle in Cardiff spoke of him in terms of panegyric which must have brought tears to the eyes of those present. Now, unless the Marquis is a very clever, a very prudent young man indeed, this sort of stuff must turn his head. It must have a degrading and a depressing result upon the intellect of any human being to be treated in this fashion. The young Marquis already seems to fancy that the whole world is his own peculiar oyster, and that everybody is waiting to see how he will open it. At Cardiff he spoke of "the tremendous and almost dreadful powers which he must of necessity possess, for good or for evil;" and his hearers must have fancied that upon his decision hung the future of the Throne, the Church, and the State, to say nothing of the local morals, and commerce, and reputation of Cardiff. We hope that this estimate of his own importance was not provoked by an unwise indulgence in the cake and tea which were so plentiful at the time. Indeed, we entirely differ from those jovial and genial contemporaries of ours who are honestly English, and like the picture of the ox roasted whole, and the young heir cheered by his loving tenants. A little of that enthusiasm might be spread over a very wide surface. It usually means unlimited beer, drunkenness, and maudlin speeches. Our aristocracy can only hold their own by displaying a spirit to keep abreast with the progress of the time. The period of the old squire and the young lord with feudal privileges is not one we can look back on with much pride. The rubbish spoken by Mr. Boyle in Cardiff would seem to indicate that gentleman's faith in hereditary legislation, and the divine right of marquises. We are not so much surprised at this considering the atmosphere and the occasion of his speech, but we sincerely hope that the Liberals of Cardiff will do their best to give a practical contradiction to it. The Marquis of Bute may possess a tremendous power "for good or for evil;" but we do not expect that the Cardiff Liberals will allow the representation of the borough to be wholly settled by his juvenile lordship's august nod.

THE BATTLE IN THE REGISTRATION COURTS.

SINCE the Reform Act of 1832 placed a large share of political power in the hands of the middle class, an interest almost as keen as that directly attaching to a general election has been felt in the annual revision of the voters' lists. In the long and exciting struggle between Sir Robert Peel and his Whig opponents, the word of command which the former gave to his followers was, "Register! Register! Register!" The other party were not slow to take up the policy thus enforced by a high political authority, and for many years the revising barristers practically held the balance of political power in England. During the Palmerstonian era the ardour of this annual conflict somewhat subsided, but it has been renewed during the week with more than common vigour, and with some results not wholly pleasant or expected. Upon the whole the registrations have failed to enfranchise so large a proportion of the unrepresented as had been generally anticipated, and especially of that class which all parties had agreed to admit to the suffrage. Mr. Disraeli once called himself "the father of the lodger franchise," and certainly his parental heart must be wrung sorely at the hapless plight to which some of the revising barristers have reduced his offspring. Of the revising barristers themselves we wish to say nothing severe, but it will be readily understood that appointments which are given away merely on

grounds of personal favour and interest cannot insure the possession by the selected gentlemen of those high judicial qualities which are required in the Revision Courts, particularly at the present time. A great enfranchising statute, under which many thousands of citizens have claimed to vote, in every large constituency in the kingdom, is left to be interpreted, almost without restriction, according to the individual notions of a junior barrister, who in all probability has never enjoyed much business, and certainly has never had extensive practical experience in the judicial function. The proceedings before the Revision Courts during the week have amply proved the inadequacy of the existing machinery of registration to provide for the exigencies of a widely-extended suffrage, and have at the same time clearly shown how futile, and yet how vexatious, are the legal provisions with which it was intended to fence around the suffrage.

The first point raised in the courts throughout the country is that of the right of female householders, otherwise duly qualified, to have their names placed formally upon the list of voters. At Westminster the revising barrister at once decided against the retention upon the register of the female claimants. The case which was pressed by the advocates of the ladies was, from a legal point of view, a very strong one. In the enfranchising clauses of the Act of 1832 the words of specification used were "male person;" but in the Act of 1867 the word "man" was substituted. It might appear at first that by this change the position of the female householder was little altered for the better. It happens, however, that in 1850 an Act was passed, drawn by the present Master of the Rolls, of an interpretative nature; and among its provisions was one enacting that "in all Acts words importing the masculine gender shall be deemed and taken to include females, unless the contrary as to gender is expressly provided." Applying this principle of interpretation to the Act of last year, the word "man" must be held apparently to include under it both sexes. This, at least, was the contention pressed upon Mr. Senior at Westminster. The reasoning by which he replied to it, though we may accept the general policy of his decision, does not appear to be cogent; and it certainly introduces quite a new element into the judicial construction of statutes. Mr. Senior referred to the debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Mill's amendment to the clause in question as evidence of the intention of the House. This is the first time, we believe, that a statute has been interpreted in the light of Parliamentary reports; and we do not regard the precedent as of beneficial example. Mr. Le Breton at Lambeth followed the same course, even more summarily and peremptorily, and whereas the Westminster reviser had granted a case for appeal to the Court of Common Pleas, at Lambeth this was refused. There is no danger, however, that the question of female suffrage will not be raised in a sufficient number of cases to obtain from the Court of Common Pleas ample consideration of its legal aspects. In Manchester Miss Lydia Becker has been actively pressing the claims of her sisters before the Revision Court, and as the female claimants in the borough amount to 5,700, it is plain that in the cotton metropolis, at all events, there is a distinct movement in the direction of "impartial suffrage." In each of the eight townships of Manchester Miss Becker has applied for a case for appeal, and though the revising barrister has refused to keep the names of the female claimants upon the register, he has willingly granted the demand for a reference to the superior court. It may comfort Miss Becker, nevertheless, to learn that in the East Riding of Yorkshire the names of several female claimants have been kept upon the register by the revising barrister because the claims were not opposed. In Marylebone, and Chelsea also, the claims of the female householders have been rejected; but in the first case Mr. Goren, in reply to an application from Mr. Shaen, who appeared for the ladies, allowed an appeal to be taken, while in Lambeth Mr. Le Breton cut short an application on the part of a female-lodger by curtly laying down that, "by the common law every woman is disqualified from voting." This is precisely the point in dispute. It was contended by Mr. Cobbett at Manchester that the common law, so far from denying the right, explicitly granted it. The point, however, will be reserved for the proper appellate jurisdiction, the Court of Common Pleas. There, no doubt, the matter will be decided according to the best legal judgment; and there also must come for settlement the many

perplexing questions connected with the lodger franchise, which the decisions of the revising barristers have only further confused and complicated. The absolute want of any fixed rule or principle for the guidance of these officials has caused their methods of procedure to be so shifting and so divergent one from another that the operation of the Reform Act will vary most materially, according as the revising barrister in each particular constituency has been lax or rigorous in his acceptance of evidence. In one metropolitan borough almost any sort of second-hand testimony to the authenticity of the lodger's signatures to their claims has been received; in another, the most rigid proof has been exacted.

In Lambeth and in Westminster the revising barristers, Mr. Le Breton and Mr. Senior, appear to have set out with the determination that it was their duty to construe the provisions of the Enfranchising Acts as strictly as if they had been penal statutes. Mr. Le Breton, in the former borough, commenced proceedings on Monday with a decision which has struck off the list of voters as many as four hundred and fifty householders. These claimants had compounded for their rates under the old system, and when Mr. Disraeli's Act abolished the compounding plan, it was provided that they should be obliged to claim again before being placed upon the electoral roll. The Lambeth compounders having paid their rates duly, as the overseers testify, sent in their claims, properly drawn, it seems, and correctly filled up. It was thought that there could be no possible question raised in the Revision Court adverse to these claims, and the claimants in consequence were absolutely unprepared for the demand suddenly made by Mr. Le Breton for positive and satisfactory evidence that the claimant had occupied the premises for which he claimed for twelve months. Of course, when no previous intimation had been given that this proof would be required, and no preparation had been made in consequence for supplying it, the claims fell to the ground. This, however, was not the only stroke of disfranchisement effected by Mr. Le Breton. He struck the names of a great many lodger voters off the list for alleged defective description of the landlord's occupation. On the following day, however, Mr. Le Breton, having taken counsel with his colleagues or himself, restored these names. At Westminster, again, Mr. Senior made a similar recantation of an error which he committed during his first day's sitting. At the instance of the Conservative agents, Mr. Senior admitted objections to the claims of lodgers paying a rent of 4s. 6d. a week as not amounting to the "clear annual value of £10" prescribed in the Act. It was contended that though 4s. 6d. a week came to £11. 14s. a year, there was still a deduction to be made for a share, *pro rata*, of the rates levied on the tenement. Obviously, £1. 14s. was an extravagant charge for rates upon a lodger of this class, and so on reflection it appeared to Mr. Senior. His final decision was, that not only lodgers paying 4s. 6d. a week, but those paying 4s., were entitled to the franchise. It is to be hoped that this precedent will be generally followed throughout the country. It is clearly in accord with the spirit of the Reform Act, and it would be very mischievous were the enfranchising provisions of that Act to be pared down by narrow technical objections to a mere shadow of what they were meant to be when they were accepted by the House of Commons.

BEING IN LOVE.

THERE are a great many mistakes about Love. Some people think it is one thing, and some another:—

"A temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
'I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine.'
Her temple was built, and she only now wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant."

This is one mistake. But did Moore's Laura want something in addition to Friendship, or did she want something totally different? "L'amitié est l'amour sans ailes." Is that true; so that, if we add wings to Friendship, we get Love for the product?

In the days when Godwin, declining, as became a republican, the prefix of Mister, was a sage much sought, a lady visitor, of

at last she found it

the sniffy, love-in-the-air type, asked him for an oracle upon the great subject of subjects. "William Godwin," said she, suddenly, what is your opinion of love? Godwin was too absorbed in meditation to answer the question, and continued solemnly puffing his pipe. "William Godwin," said the determined woman, once more, "what is your opinion of love?" And still Godwin smoked, and kept silence. Not liking to see a woman snubbed, even in appearance, Shelley, then a young fellow also in attendance on the oracle, hazarded a jest. "I think," said he, "love acts upon the heart like a nutmeg-grater; it wears it away." Again the undaunted woman put her question. Sniffing at poor Shelley, who was then nobody, she, with raised voice, said, "William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" Roused at last, the oracle responded. "My opinion agrees with that of Mr. Shelley," said he, and relapsed into his thoughts and his pipe.

This was a case in which the oracle snubbed the votarist because the votarist was unworthy. Godwin would no more tell a sniffy woman what he thought about love than the Lady in "Comus" would expound to Circe "the sublime notion and high mystery that must be uttered to unfold the sage and serious doctrine of virginity." It is pretty certain that Godwin himself knew nothing about it; or he would never have (for example) published after her death, his wife's old letters to the heartless father of "our little barrier-girl." But perhaps the majority of living men and women think that love is like a nutmeg-grater; that most of us must, in the natural course of things, get our hearts grated; but that, when we find the process agreeable, nature has got us in a trap, and the sooner we are out of it the better. At the same time, there is always what Mr. Bain, with such innocent surprise, calls a "heated atmosphere" around the subject, and there is a luminous haze of superstition about love overhanging all the literature of imagination. It is true you now and then come across an essay in which the subject of falling in love is discussed as if it came as much within the calculable province of life as buying a hat, and you are told to be sure and do it wisely, because—because of reasons which might find a place in "Poor Richard's Almanac." "Last night," said a half-mad poet and painter, "I came unexpectedly upon a fairy's funeral"—and he proceeded to describe the ceremony as only a poet and a painter could. What wonderfully good advice might be given in an essay on Seeing Fairies' Funerals! Be sure you never see a fairy's funeral, unless, &c., &c.

There is no thoroughly sincere person, with a grain of spiritual sensibility, who does not, in his heart, rebel when Poor Richard takes upon himself to preach about love matters. What the troubadours called *amour-pour-amour*, love for love's own sake, is what every human creature with a soul above buttons goes in for. And we feel a subtle pang of disapprobation when anything "in the round heaven or in the living air" is put before love, or turned into a cause or a justification of it. There is a legend of a distinguished preacher's courtship, which relates how he went down into the kitchen, and, addressing his maid-servant, said, "Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes sir," said Betty. "And Betty," resumed the good man, "do you love me?" Similar in spirit is that letter of Governor Winthrop's wife to her husband in which she tells him she loves him for two reasons—"First, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because thou lovest me." The dullest feels that here there is a play upon words; and there is. Far better was Rowland Hill's courtship. "In the first place," he wrote to the lady, "I think I can say before God that I love your person. Without this, such a union could never be happy." The quotation is from memory, but it is substantially correct, and we feel in a moment that Rowland Hill was straightforward and true, while the Puritan lady, pressed upon by the etiquette of the current talk of her set, and not able to disentangle herself from a fallacy, was untrue to nature and to herself. This was nothing remarkable; most people are untrue to nature and to themselves.

The most plausible and the most common of the fallacies about Love is that which supposes it is the Friendship that Laura sought, with something added to it, instead of being, as it is, a thing *sui generis*. Coleridge exposes this fallacy in a curious piece called "The Improvisatore," which is included among his poems:—

"Coleridge.—Love, as distinguished from friendship on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

"Lucius (Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to Coleridge).—But is not love the union of both?

"Coleridge (aside to Lucius).—He never loved who thinks so."

And then follows Coleridge's own account of love, of which it

can only be said, that if he had written it when he was younger, it would probably have been as perfect in form and expression as it is inclusive in what we might call the categories of love:—

"Coleridge.—But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustiness of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our lovings, is the love.

"Eliza.—There is something here (pointing to her heart) that seems to understand you, but it wants the word that would make it understand itself.

"Katherine.—I too seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

"Coleridge.—I mean that willing sense of the unsufficiency of the self for itself which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own,—that quiet, perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds, and finding, again seeks on;—lastly, when 'life's changeable orb has passed the full,' a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience."

When you have read this, you feel that it is correct, and even affecting. But yet—

"What wants that knave
That a king should have?"

something is wanted, and in that something everything!

The recent discussions about the Talmud have disclosed a depth of benightedness in society, even among men whom you might expect to know better, that is extremely irritating, if not surprising. Surprising, indeed, it is not; for it is only the old difference between seeing and not seeing which everlastingly divides men and women. All the talent is nothing, and all the culture is nothing; do you see? is the question. To descend to a trivial illustration. A reviewer, not very long ago, attacked a preface written by Dr. Johnson, upon the hypothesis that it was written by Dr. Latham. It was said, and it might well have been true, that the reviewer was a learned and accomplished man. Nothing more likely; yet a child of seven, with the sensibility which he lacked, would not have fallen into his error, or any error of a similar kind. To take another illustration. There are millions of people, including men of great learning and piety, who seem absolutely blind to the difference between the Christ of the Latin imagination and the child-like Christ of the Teutonic imagination. But to return to Love and the Talmud. Every one will remember the exultation (surprising to those who are familiar with their Apocrypha as well as with their Bible) with which certain Talmudic deliverances about women were received when the article of M. Deutsch appeared in the *Quarterly Review*. "What becomes now of the Teutonic origin of the household virtues?" asked an able pen in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Whoever has said that the household virtues were of Teutonic origin has talked nonsense. But the question as to Love, between the Western spirit and the Oriental or Semitic spirit, has nothing to do, one way or the other, with the household virtues. Let us try and see what really it is.

Many of our readers probably know Miss Dora Greenwell as the author of some tender poetry and some thoughtful prose. She is a perfectly orthodox writer, as anybody who has read her "Two Friends" must be aware. She has also written a set of poems of the sonnet type, entitled "Liber Veritatis." There is a series of tenderly passionate love-poems, not on a level with Mrs. Browning's Portuguese sonnets either in the passion or the poetry, but quite real and true. Their author must know something of what love really is. Now, in the little book called "Two Friends"—which, as we have stated, is strictly orthodox—Dora Greenwell boldly says that Love is not to be found at all in the New Testament (p. 171, second edition). "The silence of the New Testament is a wonderful thing." Not at all wonderful, say we, for Love is utterly alien to the Oriental or Semitic spirit. The curious thing is that Miss Greenwell does not go on to remark that Love is also wholly wanting in the Old Testament. And the reason is the same. Love, considered as passion, or the desire to possess something beautiful; love, as household friendship, with special regard shown to the weaker by the stronger; and love, as mere appetite (appetite, we say, as distinguished from passion), you find in Semitic and Oriental writings; but there is no room in the Semitic or Oriental spirit (even though it were shown that chivalry itself came from the Arabs) for love of the highest type known to the Western mind.

In the first place, reading writers like Tieck and Fouqué we become conscious of a peculiar and inscrutable, but deeply fascinating, purity of atmosphere. A purity which is so child-like that it permits free reference to topics which to the Latin

or Celtic intelligence are inclosed in company with topics relating to the accidents of nutrition—a never-failing sign of the non-Teutonic spirit. There are love-passages in Tieck and in Fouqué which could not be read aloud in a mixed circle in England; there are two sentences in “Undine” (the last of Chapter VII. and the second of Chapter VIII.) which are omitted in some of the English translations. But can anything be more childlike-pure, or more near to heaven? And yet it is utterly foreign to the Eastern or Semitic spirit. That spirit always finds the woman an inferior and unclean nature. She is subjected. She is the temptress. She has to be “purified.” Among the Hebrews the mother of a girl had to undergo a quarantine of twice the length appointed to the mother of a boy—(Levit. xii. 5, and Rev. xiv. 4). And, whatever modifications this way of looking at women undergoes, it is *never* (we speak advisedly) wholly absent from Oriental or Semitic writings. The Teutonic way of thinking of a woman is just the reverse, thus far.

Nor does the difference end here. The characteristic points in the Teutonic or Scandinavian ideal are two. First, the balance between the sexes is restored by the fact that the woman is held to be the power by which the spiritual impregnation of the man is effected; so that love is not only a liberal education, but, in the high sense, a conversion, and the creation of a moral or spiritual unity out of two in a way which places the woman on a throne peculiarly hers. Secondly, the woman is never possessed; and never patronized. “What is thy petition, Queen Esther, and what is thy request, and it shall be done to thee, even to the half of my kingdom.” That is the Eastern or Semitic spirit. Above all, absolute possession in the sense of mastery is essential to that spirit, and is never absent from it. But what a difference when we come to Scandinavian legends, even of the rudest times! When King Gunther has married Brunhilda, he is not a whit nearer. “Cette fière beauté,” as a Frenchman ludicrously calls her (missing the point, like a true Celt), teaches King Gunther a lesson:—

“When I thought her love to gain, she bound me as her thrall,
Unto a nail she bore me, and hung me on the wall.”

And it is only by magic that King Gunther finally conquers and makes his bride yield up her girdle. These two points—the woman is never to be possessed—

“She’s not and never can be mine.”—

and that she is in herself (not as consecrated, but in herself) pure and divine, and the source of moral impregnation to the man, are of the essence of the Teutonic or true Western idea of love. By making a moral unit of two beings, this involves not only monogamy, but (as an ideal) perpetual monogamy. It involves, also, the highest type of self-sacrifice—the finest illustration of its action in this respect being to be found in the legend of Helmfrið, told in Fouqué’s “Thiodolf the Iclander”:—

“If yours you seek, not her delight,
Surely a dragon and strong tower
Guard the true lady in her bower.”

And it also involves heroism, of whatever kind, in the man:—

“You love? That’s high as you shall go;
For ’tis as true as Gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
Neither in this world nor the next.”

Mr. Tennyson has not shown the deepest possible sense of what love is, but here he is (as he would not fail to be) at one with the highest idea of it, for he makes King Arthur say:—

“I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And . . . love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

This is not quite satisfactory, and the words we have omitted, “courtliness and the desire of fame,” are least satisfactory of all. If there is anything to make a man careless of “fame,” it is surely love. It is the one thing which discloses, for once and for ever, that which is real and good, and confers the turquoise that changes colour when a lie is in the atmosphere. Now, fame is the paltriest of cheats and the worst of lies.

It is worth while, in these confused and confusing days, to recall the highest meaning of the word love; nor is it unnecessary to place it alongside of the makeshifts and the counterfeits which pass for it in life or in fiction. The novelists, as a rule, seem to have lost all power of painting, or even hinting what it is! Charlotte Brontë knew something about it. So

does Mr. Charles Kingsley. So does George Eliot. So does Mrs. Oliphant. And there are others. But both in life and in fiction we usually get presented to us for love, mere longing—a thing which brings no sense of obligation in itself, and is therefore shoved aside for the most degrading reasons. If love be all that novelists and moralists in general make of it, there is assuredly no reason whatever why the contemptible things which are allowed to interfere with it should not do so. It is, in fact, not worth making novels about; certainly not worth making poems about. But it is sufficiently plain that the human heart has an ineradicable suspicion or presentiment of something better than what it is so frequently put off with. That something better—more than the strongest desire, more than the strongest attachment, and more than the most perfect household virtue—may be a flower that blooms only once in a hundred years; but is the time come to disbelieve that it ever does bloom? Or to pretend that you can pick it up in the streets, or find it by merely looking for it, or grow it like mustard and cress? Or to deny that it is the flower which to have gathered and worn is (not to put the case too high) as much as to have made a lot of money or invented a new pill?

There was once a footman who, having heard his mistress describe the upper, middle, and lower classes as china, delf, and crockery, and being then told to bid the nursemaid bring down young master for a visitor to see, called out to her, “Hollo, Crockery, bring down little Chaney!” The irony was not bad, but we cannot allow crockery love to flout the love which is porcelain; much less the love which is opal. All the loves are affiliated; but it is no more true that, just because we are all human, Zeke Hickorybole’s love was like the love of Pericles, than it is true that the poor beetle that we tread upon in corporal sufferance feels a pang as great as when a giant dies. One evening Zeke was found to have chalked on his bed’s head this simple rhyme:—

“My love, she is my heart’s delight,
Her name it is Miss Betsy;
I’ll go and see her this very night,
If Heaven and mother ’ll let me.”

The next day it was discovered that Zeke had chalked up another verse:—

“I loved Miss Betsy—wal, I did,
And I went there to tell her;
But, like to goose-grease, quick I slid,
For she’d got another feller.”

We know an elevated character who, being devoted to what he calls “grand, broad, human views,” maintains that the sentiments of Zeke Hickorybole and those of the celebrated Dante Alighieri, who also wrote a poem and missed winning his heart’s delight, were identical. But they differed, as shandygaff and champagne differ. Nay, as shandygaff and ambrosia differ. If Dante Alighieri had happened to catch Zeke cuddling Betsy, and Zeke had said, “Am I not a man and a brother?” Dante would have allowed the plea. But he would never have introduced Zeke into the polite society of the Paradiso. And as for Poor Richard’s idea of love, there is reason to fear, from the expression of Dante’s face as shown in the familiar portrait, that he would have kicked Poor Richard after perusing his essay upon the subject.

MR. FAIRCLOUGH AT THE LYCEUM.

TRAGEDY will never resume its popularity among us until the traditions of tragic acting are abolished. Men who have been amused in their youth by daubing with colour prints of this famous actor as Hamlet, and the other celebrated tragedian as Macbeth, cannot be expected to regard otherwise than with a smile the appearance of a gentleman clad in the precise costume which they have so often disfigured with yellow and blue. And there is really no reason why the stage-traditions of costume, or manner, or tone, should be preserved. It is quite certain that Richard III. did not go to battle in glittering raiment of crimson and gold, with a prodigiously polished sword, and a countenance liberally painted with vermilion and black. Even if he did, a little desire for novelty might tempt our tragedians to get rid of the too-obvious spangles, the strut, the “three-up-and-three-down” combat, and the stagey voice, which now are only fitted to impress schoolboys. It speaks well for Mr. Fairclough that, while departing in no marked degree from the conventionalities of dress and deportment which ordinarily mark the stage-Richard, he manages to give to the part a very decided individuality and freshness. The tragedians of the dull season are, as a

rule, not a lively race. Like new poets, financial companies, and marriageable women, we have to look among them a considerable time before finding one to recompense us for our search. The tragedian of the dull season has further to fight against suspicion. Add to this the well-known fact, that of all the tragic parts in Shakespeare there is no one so hoarse, so to speak, as Richard III., and it will be seen that Mr. Fairclough has very marked claims upon our attention for the manner in which he has distinguished himself. Richard III. is indeed a test character. If an actor is able to break through the terrible routine of the part, and give to that conventional rushing across the stage with a drawn sword a semblance of real life, we may be sure he will not fail in those parts which are more nearly allied to modern taste and usage. Of Mr. Fairclough's Hamlet, which we have not seen, we hear good things; of his Richard III. we can say that it was a new, vivid, and striking rendering of an impersonation which has so often been done to death. It had definite individuality; and yet the audience, we are convinced, thought more of Richard III. than of Mr. Fairclough. He is a poor actor whom one is constantly scrutinizing. The mere fact that one is conscious of the outside husk of gesture and intonation—that one can sit quietly and criticise the impersonation as so much artistic material—shows that it is no impersonation, but an assumption. Mr. Fairclough was not Mr. Fairclough in Richard III.'s clothes; he was, especially in one or two scenes, the veritable Duke and King of Shakespeare's play. One villainous fault he has, in common with the ordinary run of tragedians—the use of that audible inspiration which occurs between words used in a passion. We do not know whether this is a physical necessity consequent upon exhaustion of the lungs; or whether stage-tradition has it that a tragedian, in a climax of rage and fury, must cry "I will be revenged—aha!—and you—aha!—will find that Roderigo never—aha!—never—&c." Why the indrawing of the breath should be vocally sounded at such times has always seemed to us a mystery; it may be taken for granted that no human being in a real passion ever gave voice to his pantings in that way.

The climax of Richard's wooing of Lady Ann was really a fine piece of acting, and had in it one or two striking and new points. The opening of the courtship, however, appeared to us to be trenching somewhat on burlesque. Miss Celia Logan, it may be remarked parenthetically, looked Lady Ann in a superb degree; but she was evidently a little nervous, and ran off her speeches unmercifully. Throughout the play, indeed—but notably in his dialogues with Lord Stanley—Mr. Fairclough's Richard bore himself with an easy, natural demeanour, which very gratefully introduced the more tragic passages and heightened their effect. Mr. Fairclough knows when to be quiet. Once or twice we were pleasantly surprised to find a climax which is generally accompanied by a roar of vengeance addressed to the gods, a stamp or two, and a hasty exit, gracefully rounded off in a peaceable manner, with a smile of that peculiarly demoniac character which belongs by right to the typical Richard. Is it conceivable, for instance, that over the dead body of the murdered Henry, Gloster should have flourished his sword in the face of an admiring gallery and shrieked out to them, as a piece of information, that he had neither pity, love, nor fear? Mr. Fairclough turns away from the dead King with a shrug of the shoulders, as if he were humorously conscious of his own want of sensitiveness, and mutters indifferently to himself that which the ordinary tragedian hurls at the roof of the theatre. It is a succession of points such as this which give character and novelty to a part that is usually buried under a mass of routine "business." Mr. Fairclough is not bound by the custom which directs that a tragedian shall always be hoarse. Some of the strongest and finest parts of his Richard were those touches of self-communion in which the King, for the moment grown critical of himself, laughs at his own figure, and then scowls at the thought of what other men are thinking of his deformity. And so with regard to mental impressions. The play of cunning, and humour, and intelligent, malicious apprehension on his face was very fine. These are not "in the book." They are left to the discretion of the actor; and it is in these points he is enabled to break away from the insufferable conventionalities of the stage. His Richard was personal and natural. One almost got to sympathize with him—to join in his mocking triumph over the Lady Ann, in his successful bamboozling of the Mayor, in the cunning court paid to the Queen, and so forth. One began to enjoy the exhibition of his audacious self-confidence, as some ashamed and irate Conservative may have felt a sneaking admiration for that very "cheekiness" and astuteness of Mr. Disraeli which were cutting in twain the

threads of hereditary political beliefs. Altogether, Mr. Fairclough has acquitted himself so well as to demand attention from those who care anything about the tone and character of our modern stage.

COOK'S EXCURSIONISTS.

ENGLISHMEN are not very celebrated for their mutual love at home; but when they get abroad their hatred for each other is simply astounding. Every tourist looks upon every other tourist as his deadly enemy. "Pray get us away from these horrid holiday-people," cries Mrs. Crow or Mrs. Peacock to her husband, altogether forgetting that they too are holiday-people, and that the travellers in the next carriage may be quite as free with the word "horrid" as any one else. "I hate these swarms of English tourists," growls Mr. Crow, and he is himself an English tourist. "There is nothing more disgusting than your Cockney abroad," complains Mr. Peacock, and he is in his own proper person nothing else than a Cockney abroad. But if individuals, and families, and small friendly parties are supposed to be encroaching on those continental preserves which belong by right to each single person who turns his face southward from Dover, what must be said of the bands of excursionists which are led in triumph from town to town, monopolizing the best hotels, crowding the steamer's breakfast-tables, and haunting every celebrated church, theatre, and singing-saloon? These are more especially singled out for the vengeance of Messrs. Crow and Peacock. The choicest epithets in the English language are hurled against them. They are Goths, Vandals, Cockneys, gaping tourists, and what not. Their appearance is described as something unapproachably ludicrous. Their dress, manners, and language are commented on as if they belonged to some savage tribe. And yet they are merely as other tourists are. They do not eat candles, or put butter on their hair, or cover up their wife's face (however inclined they may be to the custom), or wear rings in their nose, or squat on the ground at meals. If Mr. Smith were to be lost among them, it would take a Fenian informer to pick him out and swear to his identity. Once or twice, during a number of years, complaints have reached England of Mr. Cook's excursionists having been a little too noisy in this or that particular town; but such complaints were presumed to come from some unhappy wretch who found all the bedrooms in the place occupied, and swore to revenge himself by writing to the *Times*—the safety-valve of the irate and apoplectic Englishman.

But, whatever may be the personal demeanour of the excursionists, who would not desire to be the "literary man" attached to each expedition? What a life of luxurious ease he must have! Hotel accommodation prepared for him; railway-passes nicely arranged; no wrangling with conductors, or porters, or waiters, or stewards; relieved of the responsibilities of luggage, and having nothing in the world to do but write a graceful and rhetorical account of the successive pleasures which he experiences—could any existence be more charming? Now in Munich, now in Vienna; to-day at Leipsic, to-morrow at Dresden; sunning himself on the banks of the Brienzer See, or listening to the music on the Sofien-insel in the middle of the Moldau; prowling about in the solemn twilight of Strasbourg Cathedral, or smoking straw-cigars in front of a Milan restaurant; strolling along the Unter den Linden, or seated deep down in Auerbach's cellar, with a bowl of white wine before him on the black and gold table—he dances a witch's-dance over Europe, to the tune of quick fancies and pleasant thoughts. Give a man a million a year, and turn him loose on the Continent, and you may defy him to be as happy as our "descriptive writer" who undertakes to tell the joys and sorrows of his brother and sister excursionists. For the man of wealth is hampered by commissionaires, he is bewildered by valets-de-place, he is tyrannized over by waiters, he is tortured by negligent servants. Happy as a bird—happier than a bird, in that he is probably possessed of a love for Adelsberger, and Assmannshäuser, and Bairisch Bier, and "Bohle"—our literary man flits from place to place, and drinks the wine of travel to the lees. He has duties to perform, but they are only an additional pleasure. Sometimes, it is true, a dark suspicion has occurred to us, in reading the gushing reports sent home to be printed by the literary man, that he has occasionally to descend to the menial offices of providing bedrooms, &c., for the people whom he accompanies. For the dignity of the profession, we hope this is not so; but still, appearances are unsatisfactory. It is easy to imagine that a soul wrapped in contemplation of the Bernese Alps must be subjected to a severe trial in being suddenly confronted by a demand for supper for seventeen, or thirty, or

eighty, as the number of tourists may happen to be. In such a case we ought to be prepared for an abrupt change of thought and style in the report. Accordingly, we find in that magazine which Mr. Cook has devoted to the chronicling of the doings of his various parties a sort of pathetic conflict between exalted emotions and the experience of hotels—a mixture of mountain-scenery and mutton. "Is it a dream, or is it a reality," exclaims Mr. Cook himself in one number of his journal, "that I am again—for the twelfth time in four years—in this city of dreams and visions?" He does not answer the question, so lost is he in that mood of beatification when existence itself becomes conjectural. But he proceeds to describe a trip from London to Venice—it may be a dream trip or an actual trip for aught we know—and marks out for special praise the scenery of the St. Gothard, "the glare of a burning sun being broken by light clouds, the waterfalls being well charged, and the Devil's Bridge presenting a scene rarely surpassed for its turbid and foaming magnificence." What a rush of sounding syllables! Immediately afterwards he adds, "At the Three Kings, Andermatt, justice was done to a most excellent dinner." Cruel anticlimax—we know that the poet's soul bled as he was forced to write down these ignoble words.

We have the experiences of another literary man recorded in these pages, and in his case we regret to say that the ideal existence which we sketched out for such a favoured mortal entirely disappears. He seems to have been wholly crushed by the responsibilities of the journey; his æsthetic sympathies do not even blossom forth into a single sentence. This is the more singular that all the arrangements for the trip had been made by Mr. Cook, who unfortunately became unwell, and intrusted to this gentleman what we should have fancied to be the agreeable duty of accompanying the tourists who were about to start for the Rhine. They seem to have been rather a "jolly" party whom the literary man had thus to lead forth. On the voyage over to Antwerp the night was fine. "We were fortunate in having several gentlemen able to sing a good song," he says, after mentioning this fact, "which they kept up until I think they almost wore out the list. At three o'clock coffee was served on deck to all who had not retired to their berths, and the morning was so inviting that I think by five a.m. a great portion of the party were enjoying the fresh breeze." Was it the people who enjoyed the good song until three a.m. who rose at five a.m.? We find that Mr. Cook's parties are rather addicted to vocal exhibitions. In the trip to Venice, to which we have previously referred, we discover this significant memorandum, "In the course of our passage from the station to the hotel, a halt was made under the famous Rialto Bridge, where music, song, and cheers for Victor Emmanuel, Queen Victoria, and the officers of the British fleet, alternately awoke the enthusiasm of the enchanted tourists, and elicited the responses of the hundreds who lined the banks of the canal. On arrival at the hotel, after an hour of this real Venetian reception, ladies and gentlemen wonderingly inquired if this was a reality or a pleasant 'dream in Venice.'" We can quite understand how the incoherent bawling of a lot of mad Englishmen should awake the enthusiasm of the enchanted tourists—that is to say, themselves; but how it managed to elicit responses from the natives—unless these responses were execrations which the tourists did not quite understand—seems rather puzzling. Was it "Have you seen my Sarah?" or "The Chickaleery Cove," or "Walking in the Zoo," that did duty as a *Venetianisches Gondellied*? The chances are that the performance was a medley, and that while some gallant Orangeman was singing "Boyne-water"—confident that no shillelagh was likely to interrupt his enjoyment of "party-chunes"—his neighbour was howling "Ye Banks and Braes," with a lot of accidental flats depending for their frequency on the quantity of wine drunk at the station. Whatever one may think of Mr. Cook's literary men, there can be no question of their having at least called up one vivid picture before our eyes. A gang of British tourists, suddenly let loose into Venice, and halting in front of the Rialto bridge to sing patriotic songs! We propose to draw a kindly veil over the further exploits of these worthies.

THE Postmaster-General has submitted his thirteenth report to the Treasury. It is accompanied by two statements in respect to the year 1866. The total number of letters delivered in England and Wales in 1866 was 623,400,000, as compared with 597,277,616 in the preceding year, or an increase of 4.37 per cent.—or 30 to each person. In Scotland they numbered, in 1866, 70,100,000, or 22.8 to each person, and being an increase of 4.35 per cent.; and in Ireland they numbered 56,500,000, or 10 to each person. The total for the United Kingdom being, in 1866, 750,000,000, as compared with 720,467,307 in 1865. In addition to these large numbers of letters, no less than 101,784,185 newspapers passed through the post in 1866. There was also £19,217,906 paid in money orders.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. DISRAELI continues to preserve a suspicious silence. He declines all invitations to the dinners of the Buckinghamshire Agricultural Associations; he has given his followers to understand that it is not his intention to take part in any public demonstration for the present; and he refrains from issuing any address to his constituents. All this looks suspicious—as though the Premier were concocting some fresh surprise, like that of household suffrage. If he is again educating his party, the education is of a perplexing nature, for his followers don't know what to be at. Under difficult circumstances the silence of a leader is the most bewildering fact which his lieutenants can have to encounter; and, considering some of Mr. Disraeli's antecedents, it is not surprising that several of the ardent supporters of the Irish Church are beginning to suspect him of treachery. They recollect what is said of mischievous children—that it is never so certain that they are about some unusual achievement as when they are preternaturally quiet. Probably, however, Mr. Disraeli is simply waiting to see how the tide goes, or, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up.

THE Irish elections promise some exciting contests. A note of patriotism has been sounded by Mr. John Martin and others, while the bishops and priests are looking after the candidates they intend to choose. They will not be satisfied with mere fealty to Mr. Gladstone, they must have the primary interests of their country perseveringly attended to, and their nominees must be prepared to direct the Liberal leader the moment he seems to deviate from his policy of justice to Ireland. There is, indeed, an ungenerous incredulity in the style in which Mr. Gladstone is referred to. The great Mr. Rearden has published a pamphlet, in which he states that on his reappearance in the House (which he considers a foregone conclusion) he will at once tackle with such questions as Repeal of the Union: he does not say whether or not he intends to again apply for the abdication of the Queen. Cork is being canvassed stoutly in the Liberal interest by Mr. M'Carthy Downing, a well-known Irish solicitor. Mr. Downing, who is a man of considerable ability and principle, is most likely to be successful. Mr. Butt has been assisting the struggle of Mr. Weguelin against Sir Joseph M'Kenna in Youghal. Why does not some Irish borough invite Mr. Butt to come forward as a representative himself? If the people are sincere in their desire for a change in the land laws, it is curious that they should pass over the most advanced and determined advocate of their wishes.

WE alluded last week to the case of Mr. Hains, vicar of St. George's, Wigan, who, for the offence of supporting Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church policy, had been threatened by the Church Pastoral Aid Society with the withdrawal of the grant he had for some time past received for the maintenance of a curate. The *Daily News* of Thursday contains a letter from Mr. Hains, inclosing his correspondence with the Society. It appears that the body in question has not yet withdrawn its assistance from St. George's, but there can be no doubt that the continuation of its assistance is made conditional on Mr. Hains ceasing to give public support to Mr. Gladstone. In the final letter the Secretary says:—"The committee are now [August 5th] separating for their usual recess. They do not intend dealing with the case at present, and they hope that there may be no necessity for their further referring to the question." The alleged offence is the waste of clerical time in attending political meetings; but hundreds of other clergymen have been equally zealous in supporting the Irish Church, and denouncing Mr. Gladstone, and it does not appear that they have been reprovved, or threatened with pains and penalties. The advocates of religious subjection in Ireland are playing a desperate game, and no trick appears to be so low that they will not stoop to it.

THE *Standard* of Thursday has a paragraph headed "Dividing the Spoil." Quoting the *Church News*, it says:—"From a quite independent quarter we learn that within the last nine months Mr. Bright and Mr. Dillwyn had a formal interview with Cardinal Cullen and Monsignor Woodlock to arrange in what way the spoils of the Irish Church could be appropriated by the Irish Roman Catholics. On this our readers may rely." So impetuous is the *Church News*, or the *Standard*, that the reader is not allowed so much as a single comma for breathing space. We beg to make a statement equally reliable with the

above. Shortly after the formal interview between Mr. Bright and Cardinal Cullen a communication was received by the former gentleman from Pope Pius, promising to Mr. Bright a cardinal's hat on the previous arrangement being carried out. With a view to the occurrence of this event, Mr. Bright has been in the habit of wearing the broad-brimmed beaver by which he is known to the readers of *Punch*. In future a hat of that description must be looked upon as ritualistic.

THE advocates of peace in this country are circulating a paper on "The Cost of War," addressed to the electors of the United Kingdom, in which we are told that since the peace of 1815 Great Britain has spent on her military and naval establishments, and the interest of her National Debt, two thousand five hundred and ninety-seven millions of pounds sterling; that in the present year the cost of the army and navy is more than twenty-eight millions and a half; that the interest of the National Debt is more than twenty-six millions and a half; that the outlay for fortifications is £530,000; that the total expenditure for the year on these matters is fifty-five millions and a half; that this is at the rate of £152,573 per day, or £5,356 per hour, or exactly one hundred guineas per minute day and night, throughout the year; that out of seventy millions of annual expenditure only fifteen millions are required for civil government and all other expenses; and that consequently ninepence-halfpenny out of every shilling, or sixteen shillings out of every pound, of taxation, is appropriated to war expenditure. The paper then goes on to contrast this enormous outlay on warlike preparations with the various sources of the revenue of the country, each of which it greatly surpasses. All, doubtless, very true, and certainly very humiliating, but powerless, we fear, to produce any effect on Governments, unless it can first lay those devils of national jealousy and rancour which peoples, quite as much as Governments, are prone to entertain. Cowper has told us that

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

But their subjects are *not* wise, and the price of their folly is a hundred guineas a minute.

PEACE and liberty are to be once more patronized by a Congress, which is to open at Berne next Tuesday, the 22nd inst. The committee have published a programme, which ranges through a great variety of subjects, from the connection of religion with the State to the rights of women. It hardly need be said that the committee are in favour of divorcing religion from political institutions, and of conceding to women the same rights as men. The ladies are in fact invited to take part in the discussions, and to propose questions which especially interest themselves. Various theories with respect to peace, liberty, social and economic reform, the abolition of permanent armies and militias, &c., are set down for deliberation; the League protests against any despot presuming to turn social reformer; and a grand suggestion is thrown out for the establishment of a democratic Federation to be called "The United States of Europe." We do not wish to ridicule or discourage any sincere effort for the removal of one of the greatest afflictions of humanity—"the red fool-fury" of war. But we have little faith in the disease being cured by these Congresses, which are too visionary and poetical in their aspirations, and too violent in their methods, to have much effect in a practical, a prosaic, and for the most part a temperate world. The Peace Congress of Geneva last year boiled over in a succession of "rows," so violent that the authorities were compelled forcibly to dissolve it, and it is remarkable that Garibaldi, who was one of the members and speakers, shortly afterwards went on his expedition to Rome, and pretty nearly involved Europe in hostilities. Indeed, we had occasion to remark at the time that the so-called Peace Congress was in fact a Congress for the promotion of universal democracy by universal war. Great principles are of slow growth, and we must not try to hurry the Golden Age. As for "the United States of Europe," we may expect to see them established when Europe has acquired a common language. The day may then be not far distant

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flag is furled
In the Parliament of Men, the Federation of the World."

THE *Pall Mall* deplores the waste of beer and postage-stamps upon elections, and all for the barren result of making that doubtful article a member of Parliament. We might add, look at the bill-sticking it takes. There is Chelsea at present suffer-

ing an eruption of blue posters indicating the most violent symptoms of political heat. Some of the public-houses are pasted over from top to bottom with the addresses of the candidates, and one is perplexed to think how the paper can be got off again. Now, indeed, may it be truly said—so truly that we may be excused the application of so trite a line—

"Nomina stultorum in omnibus locis scribuntur."

There they are on every dead wall! Rich and rare indeed is now the literature of the hoardings. Measures and men may be studied from them north, south, east, and west. Meanwhile, where is the working man that we were to hear so much of? One turned up this week, a Mr. Odger, but his reception was not enthusiastic, though that might have been on account of a Foresters' fête in Mr. Odger's district, during which the delights of Cremorne Gardens were placed within the reach of some of the classes lately admitted to the franchise.

"A LOVER of the Muzzle" writes to the *Times* to complain of the tax upon shooting imposed by gamekeepers. Those gentry expect to be well paid for the sport to which their masters invite a guest, and will look as sulky as possible unless they are tipped with gold or paper. It is an old story this complaint against the custom of vails. But it is difficult to see how we are to do away with the practice. Gamekeepers as well as railway-porters and guards are hopelessly demoralized in this respect, and, unless such measures are taken with them as are adopted at the Mint in searching the workers in that establishment, the fellows will come by their fees by hook or by crook. "A Lover of the Muzzle" proposes that gamekeepers should be better paid, and that the tenants on a closely-preserved estate should have a personal interest in seeing after the birds, by receiving an occasional present for their own tables.

ANOTHER grievance which we hear of annually is that concerning full dress in theatres. This time a plea is made for the ladies. They find it tiresome to prepare for stalls or boxes in the fashion required. What ladies, might we ask? Both ladies and gentlemen are properly supposed to be dressed for dinner, and very little change is necessary for a compliance with all the regulations of the theatre or opera. We have permitted a great deal too much of license and slovenliness amongst us in this respect already. With music-halls upon the increase, a little strictness to preserve the theatre from becoming like them would be most desirable. It encourages the actors and actresses to see a house prettily decorated with ladies and gentlemen, and what can a lady want with her bonnet in a generally over-heated building? Has the agitation been promoted by milliners to distress hairdressers?

FURTHER evidence of the pernicious effect on youthful and half-educated minds of what may be called the highwayman and burglar school of literature is furnished by a case which came the other day before the Worship-street magistrate. A boy of fourteen was charged with having stolen two sacks from his employers, and the policeman who had the conduct of the case said that when he apprehended the prisoner he found on him (besides the stolen property) portions of certain publications called the *Boys of England*, and *Tales of Highwaymen, or Life on the Roads*, both referring to the achievements of notorious malefactors, which were invested with alluring colours of heroism and magnanimity. The lad was sent to prison for a fortnight, there to perform hard labour on an exhilarating diet of bread and water; but it is to be feared that, after all the trash he has read, he will regard himself as a victim to the conventional rules of society, and will make a bolder stroke for fame when he comes out. Mr. Ellison, the magistrate, called the attention of Inspector Fife to the fact that neither the name nor address of the printer is given on the publications. The publishing office is at 147, Fleet-street, but that is all the information vouchsafed. Under these circumstances, the magistrate desired the inspector to speak to the Commissioners of the City Police, in order that steps may be taken to prosecute the printer, who has clearly violated the law. It were greatly to be wished that something could be done to suppress such publications, which are quite as mischievous in their way as the particular kind of books contemplated by Lord Campbell's Act are in theirs.

A HAWKER of Bethnal-green has been fined twenty shillings (with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment) for offering a couple of pigeons for sale on Sunday morning outside the

door of the church of St. Matthias. It appears that sometimes on a wet day hawkers will go into the church aisle, and, hanging their baskets, &c., on the pews, will actually carry on their business there. This is a free church movement with a vengeance.

A GERMAN settled in New Jersey has (according to the American papers) invented a patent safety coffin, to meet those cases of premature interment which, there is too much reason to fear, do sometimes take place where bodies are rapidly buried after supposed death. This coffin is of large size, and contains "a receptacle for refreshments and restoratives," besides being furnished with a sort of funnel, carried from the upper part of the lid to about a foot above ground. The top of this funnel can be opened from inside by a spring, and just below it is a bell connected with a cord. On the bell being rung by the occupant of the coffin, the cover of the funnel flies back, and the sexton is summoned to the assistance of the supposed corpse, who in the meanwhile refreshes himself with the bread and wine provided for him; or, if he is strong enough, he can mount to the open air by a species of ladder with which the funnel is fitted up. Mr. Vester, the ingenious inventor, suffered himself to be buried alive in a grave six feet deep, and in one of these extraordinary coffins. A dirge was played, wreaths of flowers were placed upon the coffin (observances which might in decency have been omitted), and Mr. Vester was committed to the earth. His original intention was to remain in the grave two hours; but after an hour and a quarter the crowd demanded his reappearance, and in another minute Mr. Vester stepped out of his grave, unaided, with no great appearance of heat or exhaustion. The story is gravely related, but it looks like some of the wild and ghastly phantasies of Edgar Allan Poe. It is well known, however, that on the Continent people are sometimes buried with undue haste, and in Germany there are dead-houses where corpses are deposited for some days with the arm tied to a bell, which rings on the least motion. Some years ago, Mr. Wilkie Collins brought out a drama at the Olympic, the last scene of which represented one of these receptacles, with the late Mr. Robson for the dead-alive.

THE big balloon *Captif* has turned out a big failure. Something burst, and the exhibition is put off until next spring. It would not in any case have been a very intellectual form of entertainment. Going up very high to be pulled down again by a rope would seem to be the most that could be got out of this ascent, and the spectators would certainly enjoy as mild a pleasure as was ever offered to sightseers.

CONSOLS are now at 94 to 94½ for both money and the account. The foreign market has been subjected to considerable fluctuations, firmness prevailing towards the close of the week. Colonial Government securities are unchanged. In railway stocks prices have generally declined. Bank shares have been generally steady. Finance and miscellaneous have done an average business. The half-yearly general court of the Bank of England was held on Thursday, Thomas Newman Hunt, Esq., the governor, presiding. The net profits for the half-year ending the 31st of August amount to £584,369. 8s. 9d., making the amount of rest on that day £3,610,596. 17s. 1d., and after providing a dividend of 4 per cent. the rest will stand at £3,028,476. 17s. 1d. This low dividend is payable on the 12th of October, without deduction of income-tax. The report of the directors of the Agra Bank has been issued. It states that the directors have declared an *ad interim* dividend on the A shares at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and that the business of the bank is steadily on the increase. The debts of the old bank have all been paid in full by the assistance of the resuscitated bank, but there still remains £2,700,000 of the assets to be realized, which must lead to a delay in the time at which the B shareholders can come into the receipt of dividends on surplus capital beyond the liabilities of the old bank.

THE Caledonian Railway dividend is officially announced. It is at the rate of only 1½ per cent. per annum, and a balance of only £3,700 is carried forward, though £14,302 was brought into the account. The dividend for the corresponding six months of last year was at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum, and for the previous half-year at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum. This great falling off confirms in a striking manner the justice of the criticisms which have been published respecting the

condition of the company's finances, and the truth of which was so long and so pertinaciously denied by the chairman and directors. The report of the directors of the London Bank of Mexico and South America, presented to the shareholders on the 18th inst., states that the profit and loss account for the half-year ending the 30th June last shows that, after paying charges, deducting rebate, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, there remains an available balance of £15,471. 10s., including £3,229. 17s. balance from last half-year. Of this sum the directors recommend that £10,807. 4s. be appropriated in the payment of an interim dividend of 12s. per share, free of income-tax (being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum), leaving £4,664. 6s. to be carried forward to the current half-year, subject to reduction by payment of income-tax. The directors of the Bank of Australasia have given notice that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and a bonus of 4 per cent. per annum, both free of income-tax, being together at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, or £2 a share for the half-year, will be payable on the 13th of October. The first annual general meeting of the Monarch Building Society was held recently at the London Tavern, Mr. J. Duncan in the chair. The society had during its first year invested upwards of £80,000 upon undeniable real security. The directors, after paying 5 per cent. on all share capital, interest on deposits, preliminary and general expenses, had a surplus of profit amounting to £4,785 to carry to next year's account. It was also stated that next year the society would be able to declare a bonus of 10 per cent. The report was adopted, and the retiring directors and auditor re-elected. At the annual meeting of the Provident Clerks and General Guarantee Association (Limited) a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum was declared, and the balance, £728. 2s. 9d., carried forward to next account. Subjoined is a statement (from Mr. Slaughter's *Weekly List*) of the calls due on railway and miscellaneous undertakings in September and October, so far as they have yet been advertised:—

Amount per Share.					
	Due Already		Number		
	Date.	Paid.	Call.	of Shares.	£
Due in Sept., 1868.					
Caledonian 4 per cent.					
Preference.....	25	65	15 per cent.	not known.	
Furness	1	dept.	2 0 0	36,300	72,600
Great Western 5 per cent.					
original rent charge	30	dept.	20 per cent.	not known.	
Metropolitan (New Ordinary Shares)	9	dept.	2 0 0	80,000	160,000
Indo-European Telegraph Co. (Limited)	14	5	5 0 0	17,000	85,000
Total in September					£317,600
Due in Oct., 1868.					
Great Indian Peninsula 4 per cent. Debenture Stock	29	50	25 0 0	not known.	
London Brighton, 4½					
Debent. issued at 95	15	5	30 0 0	550,000	165,000
Adelphi Bread, 2nd iss.	9	2½	0 10 0	not known.	
Anglo-Mediterranean Telegraph (Limited)	1	7	3 0 0	26,000	78,000
New Consolidated Discount Co. (Limited)	1	3	1 0 0	25,000	25,000
Total in October					£268,000

THE report of the London and Glasgow Engineering and Iron Shipbuilding Company (Limited), to be presented on the 23rd inst., recommends a dividend of 15s. per share, or at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £3,472, and leave £1,284 to be carried forward. The sum of £4,532 has been appropriated out of the amount received on forfeited shares for the purpose of extinguishing the balance of preliminary expenses (£2,000), and of augmenting the depreciation fund to £20,000. The half-yearly meeting of the Metropolitan District Railway Company is fixed for the 24th inst., and that of the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway Company for the 28th. An extraordinary general meeting of the City Offices Company (Limited) is called for the 25th inst., to confirm the resolutions passed on the 4th inst. A general meeting of the Mauritius Land Credit and Agency Company (Limited) is convened for the 29th inst., when a dividend is to be declared. A general meeting of the Central Argentine Railway Company is called for the 30th inst., and the half-yearly guaranteed interest, at 7 per cent. per annum, is also notified for payment on the 20th proximo. A general meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Company is fixed for the 5th October.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTI-SERMON CRUSADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—It appears to me that the British public has a scanty and unacknowledged faith in homœopathy, and that it has been illustrating the leading principle of the system by enlivening a dull season with the discussion of dull sermons. The public, moreover, has made great discoveries while so doing. It has ascertained, without an undue regard to its own self-consistency, that, besides being dull, sermons are long and heavy, clumsy and full of platitude, insincere and orthodox, arrogant and personal, timid and general, vague and superficial, in a very high degree. The remedies which it proposes are not less numerous than the faults it has discovered. "Talk of there being no cure for the gout," cried a popular sufferer from that complaint; "the only difficulty is to choose. I could have a fresh one for every day, the year round." So with the persecuted sermon-maker. His physicians are Legion, and their prescriptions gratuitous. If he fear dullness, he shall tell anecdotes. Does he fail in style? he is to acquire "Saxon English," and to speak it. Has his doctrine been defective? let him preach "Liturgically." Devoid of imagination, he is to read Jeremy Taylor till "the fringes of the north star" and "the beautiful locks of cherubims" have grown perfectly familiar to him. His discourses shall be full and sonorous, symmetrical and strong; and Massillon shall teach him how. Has he neither borrowed nor invented those *mucrones verborum* by which others besides the Puritans have made their discourses felt? He may study Thomas Fuller and his enemy South. It will not be for want of advisers that the pulpit will fail.

I belong to the British public myself, but am disposed to think it is scarcely wonderful that the crusade is accomplishing so little. I am disposed to agree with the surplice-wearing friend who, as he threw away his *Times* the other day, murmured half to himself,

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."

Yet, is not the public very largely in the right after all? Is not the really poor, trashy, and worthless preaching out of all proportion to the good? A case may be ill stated and worse argued without being therefore bad. "A man may be in as just possession of the truth as of a city, yet be forced to surrender." And the complainants against dull and useless sermons may have inveighed foolishly, and have advised more foolishly still, without therefore being destitute of just ground of complaint. Not a few men lament the inefficiency of the pulpit, to whom it would be a sheer impertinence to answer that they were not qualified to judge, or that the fault was in themselves. Shall we ever do any better while the old system of procuring and training the preachers themselves remains unchanged? I have no wish to trench at present on the question of the clearly supernatural qualifications which the Prayer-book assumes that a bishop can confer in ordaining a priest. But one may very confidently affirm that the bishop conveys no qualifications that render natural aptitude for speaking a matter of indifference in the future preacher, or that will make painstaking diligence a matter of choice. It is just to remember, however, that we are not unfrequently very unreasonable with our clergy. It is gross and absurd, and would be ridiculous if it were not cruel, to thrust into our pulpits men of fair scholarship and average powers, but of little more, and then give them schools to visit, districts to "work up," charities to superintend, the poor to encourage, the sick and the sorrowful to console, and a thousand and one occasional duties besides, and then demand that on Sunday they shall give us a couple of well-thought-out and well-composed discourses—discourses that shall be vigorous and impressive, practical and stimulating, and on no account open to the charge of being the product of other men's brains.

Surely something could be done if only the chief dignitaries of the Church were in earnest. Why should not the principle of the division of labour be as applicable as the long-established one of the division of emoluments? Surely it is not settled for ever, that the earlier parts of the service shall be so long that we must needs expect the sermon with an already exhausted attention and an already satisfied appetite. Another very desirable alteration would be to make the sermon, under certain conditions, optional with the preacher. There are times when he ought not to preach, and when it would be infinitely better both for himself and his people if he did not preach.

But though the anti-sermon crusade may have produced as yet little appreciable result, I believe it has not been altogether

in vain. The formal defence of what has been attacked is probably what nobody wished. What we all wish is that it should be less open to attack. The absence of factitious advantages has compelled the Nonconformist preachers to seek real power. They are of necessity more amenable to public opinion, and so have no choice but to regard some native faculty for public speaking as indispensable in the candidates for their ministry. *Fas est ab auxiliis doceri*. If some of their methods could be adopted by the Church, and worked out in proportion to its enormously greater wealth of appliances and means, we should hear fewer complaints of the lost power of the pulpit. We should learn to distinguish between the substantial and the unreal grounds on which its authority rests, and the clergy would no longer have to soothe their irritation by their contempt of discussions whose unquestionable tendency is to challenge the whole clerical position.

Yours,

W. S. C.

PARTIAL DISENDOWMENT?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—You make mention, in the *LONDON REVIEW* of the 20th August, of Mr. Coleridge's belief that Mr. Gladstone intends to reserve three-fifths of the endowments of the State Church in Ireland for the perpetual use of the Irish Anglicans. Mr. Coleridge is not singular in imputing to Mr. Gladstone a purpose of merely partial disendowment. Sir George Colthurst, in a recent speech delivered to his constituents at Kinsale, professes himself an advocate of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of "partial disendowment." Mr. William Cobbett also, in a letter recently addressed to the *Dublin Evening Post*, alludes to Mr. Gladstone as only proposing to deal with two-fifths of the State Church revenues.

If this be Mr. Gladstone's plan, he might just as well leave the nuisance of the State Church untouched. But I prefer to think his words were misinterpreted, and that whatever construction they might have seemed to bear, his real intention is to effect a total disendowment. Any petty peddling about fifths or fourths would merely keep the question open for future disputes, and prolong the acrimonious feelings upon both sides which the alien Establishment necessarily generates. It is highly desirable that Mr. Gladstone should himself put an end to all uncertainty by explicitly declaring whether he does or does not contemplate the thorough disendowment of the State Church. If his views extend no farther than we are led to infer by the speeches of Messieurs Coleridge and Colthurst, I, for one, should not consider his scheme worth taking any trouble to effectuate. The State-endowment of Anglicanism in Ireland is a political cancer which needs to be thoroughly excised. Leave but a fibre of the corrupt mass, and it will be prolific of the evils which every true well-wisher of this kingdom heartily desires to eradicate at once and for ever.

One word now upon another part of the subject. In some quarters the old fallacy is reproduced that the presence in each parish of an amiable, moral, benevolent, well-educated gentleman is such a blessing to the people that it should not be sacrificed to any theories of voluntaryism or religious equality. I, sir, claim to know something of the mode in which the Catholic peasantry appreciate the blessing in question. They do not, as a rule, believe the Protestant clergy sincere in the religion they profess. In this respect I have no doubt that the people judge the parsons unfairly. But, dealing with the fact that such is their opinion, we are compelled to ask, What sort of moral blessing can be conferred upon the parishioners by the presence of a functionary whom those parishioners regard as the conscious teacher of a religion in which he does not believe? If this be one of the fruits of State-Churchism in Ireland at the end of three centuries, is it not tolerably clear that morality would rather gain than lose by the disendowment of pastors who have never been able to persuade the great mass of the nation that they are anything else than consciously false prophets?

Before Earl Russell was converted to Gladstonism his lordship spoke of the loss the farmers' families would sustain from the banishment—which he assumed as a prospective fact—of the reverend purchaser of their eggs, butter, and chickens. The farmers could well afford to dispense with the custom of the rector's household, if the tithe were applied to lighten the heavy load of poor-rates on the death of each incumbent. This would be a great and tangible relief to the overtaxed and overladen land, and would be hailed as a real and important benefit by the Irish farmers.

As to the Catholic estimate of Protestant rectors, it is pretty much the same as the Protestant estimate of Catholic rectors

would be in England, if the law compelled your Protestant people to pay a Papal clergy. I am a landed proprietor, paying a smart tithe rent-charge to the Anglican parson of the parish in which I reside. This enforced payment, so far from being a bond of union between us, is a source of alienation. I deem it an abominable grievance; and I accordingly hold no acquaintance with the reverend personage who profits by it. Between some Protestant clergymen and some Catholic gentlemen there is occasionally a little constrained intercourse, regulated by cold politeness. But it never is cordial; nor, so long as the parsons occupy their present legal position, do I see how it ever can be the emanation of genuine friendship, or be anything else than lip-courtesy.

For mere disestablishment I care not a straw. Disendowment, searching and thorough, is the paramount need of Ireland.

Yours, X.

MEMORANDA.

THE Leigh Hunt Memorial is progressing very favourably. Subscriptions continue to come in, and it is thought that the sum required will speedily be raised. We believe that about a hundred guineas is now in hand; other sums are promised, and we may expect to see the work executed at no great distance of time. It is a remarkable fact that, although Leigh Hunt was a Liberal, and in the days of the Regency in fierce warfare with the Tory party, the promoter of the present movement—Mr. S. C. Hall—is a Conservative. So, also, is Mr. Townshend Mayer, the hon. treasurer. It says much for the breadth of view and the magnanimity of these gentlemen that they should interest themselves so much in honouring the remains of one who was not of their side. In truth, however, the movement is not a party movement at all. Leigh Hunt's work as a politician belongs to a period remote from the present generation, and the most permanent of his writings are on subjects with which politics have nothing to do. As a poet, critic, and essayist, Leigh Hunt may be as much admired by Conservatives as by Liberals; and it is doubtless on the purely literary ground that Mr. Hall first took up the scheme. Conservatives as well as Liberals are represented on the committee; Conservatives as well as Liberals have contributed to the fund; and the Conservative organ, the *Globe*, has supported the movement as cordially as the Liberal papers, the *Daily News* and the *Morning Star*. Thank Heaven, genius is of no party; poetry and wit are the common heritage and the common delight of Liberals and Conservatives. It is because Leigh Hunt touched so charmingly on matters beyond the heat and dust of controversy, that men of opposing creeds are now united in the effort to raise a fitting monument above his grave.

We understand that one of our publishers is now being sued for having conferred a great boon upon the public, in withdrawing from circulation an objectionable novel. Of the legal aspect of the case we know nothing; but the sympathy of the public should go with any publisher who steps in to protect it by cancelling the publication of a book which he finds is calculated to offend or disgust the ordinary library-reader.

"Haunted Hearts," the American novel, the copyright of which in this country has been under litigation for four years, is at length about to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., the judgment of the House of Lords having been given in their favour. It will be issued in a one-and-sixpenny volume, the first of a series of English copyright editions of American books.

It is rumoured in theatrical and musical circles that Mr. Mapleson is about to commence a winter season at Covent Garden Theatre, of which the opening night will be the 16th of October. Among the singers engaged are Titiens, Sinico, and Santley.

Wild as the story of "Enoch Arden" appears to be, we can well understand the facts having happened more than once. A tale of a similar kind now comes to us from America. William E. March, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, disappeared in 1862, and suddenly turned up, without any warning, a few weeks ago, when he made the pleasing discovery that his brother Albert had been divorced from his former wife, and had married his (William's) supposed widow more than a year before! If the absentee remained away voluntarily, he has no cause of complaint. Gentlemen cannot expect ladies to wait for them for ever, without even knowing whether they will return or not. There must be a statute of limitations in such cases, as well as in others.

The statue of William, Duke of Cumberland—"Bloody Butcher Cumberland" as he was called, on account of his severity after the battle of Culloden—has been temporarily removed from the centre of Cavendish-square, in order to be modelled and recast, the metal being in a state of great decay. It has stood on its pedestal for close upon a hundred years, having been erected in 1770. Few would regret if some of our London statues were taken down, and not recast.

Mr. Longfellow is at present residing on the borders of the Lake of Como. It is to be hoped that his stay in Europe will furnish him with matter for some eloquent and enduring poem.

Miss Furtado writes to the *Scotsman* from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, to give "an unqualified denial to the rumour" that she is about to marry Mr. Benjamin Webster, senior. The statement hardly required a denial.

Messrs. Tinsley Brothers will shortly publish a new novel by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "George Geith."

Continental gossip says that an authentic portrait of Handel by Hogarth, painted in 1743, has been discovered in Paris, and successfully "restored." If the information is reliable, the fact is interesting, but we should like to hear some further particulars.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* has been singing the charms of the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton. When we say "singing," we do not mean that he has resorted to lyrical forms of expression, but that he is as enthusiastic as plain prose will permit. The Dyke, however, really deserves a word of hearty praise. If it were anywhere abroad, we should hear more of it; or even if it were in the remoter parts of England, or in Scotland, or Ireland, it would be more celebrated. Yet, as the correspondent observes, it is one of the show-spots in the vicinity of that luxurious watering-place which Thackeray (if we mistake not) so aptly described as "London-super-Mare." Some one has said that Brighton is remarkable for a country without trees and a sea without ships; but there are woody hollows every here and there in the surrounding Downs, and from the summit of the Dyke the eye ranges for miles over the bosky Weald of Sussex, and so on even as far north as Oxfordshire.

The authorities of Christ's Hospital announce that on St. Matthew's day, the 21st inst., the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs (after attending service at Christ Church, Newgate-street) will proceed to the Great Hall of Christ's Hospital, to hear the orations delivered by the senior scholars, according to annual custom. The following is the programme of the speeches:—Greek oration on the Benefits of the Royal Hospitals, R. W. Lemesurier, 5th Grecian. English oration on the same subject, C. A. Stokes, 1st Grecian. Latin oration on the same subject, A. G. A. Roberts, 4th Grecian. French oration on the same subject, F. G. Biden, 2nd Grecian. After which the following translations from English poets will be recited:—Greek iambics from "Henry VI.," R. H. Roe, 6th Grecian. Latin elegiacs, "The Battle of Minden," A. L. Smith, 7th Grecian. Greek hexameters, "Time," A. J. Butler, 8th Grecian. Latin sapphics, "Burial of the Minisink," S. Wood, 10th Grecian. Greek elegiacs, "Atys and Adrastus," F. H. Carter, 9th Grecian. Latin alcaics, "Saul at Endor," E. M. Field, 12th Grecian. There will also be an original Latin poem, not yet adjudged.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* points out a strange mistake in the catalogue of "Yorkshire Worthies" whose portrait are now being exhibited in the National Exhibition of Works of Art at Leeds—a mistake derived from a source which we should never have suspected. One of these portraits is described as Lord Howard of Escrick, so created in 1628, who, says the catalogue, died in 1675. This nobleman, we are told by the same authority, "acquired an infamous immortality by his betrayal of the patriots Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney." Now, as the correspondent of *Notes and Queries* observes, the trials of Russell and Sidney took place in 1683, eight years after the death of the first Lord Howard of Escrick. The real betrayer of the patriots was the third baron, younger son of the first, who succeeded his brother, the second baron, in 1678, and died in 1694. The writer in our useful contemporary who calls attention to this blunder says it has evidently been derived from Sir Bernard Burke's "Dormant and Extinct Peerages," in which the first baron is charged with the treachery, though all the Peerages agree that he died in 1675. Such are the sources of historic error. How many men have been unjustly gibbeted in cases where the error is now past discovery!

Mr. Dickens announces in the current number of *All the Year Round* that the present series of that journal will be brought to a close with the number for the 28th of November, and that on the 5th of December he will publish No. I. of a new series, with the old writers, and as many fresh recruits as time may bring him. *All the Year Round* has now been going on for nearly ten years (it began in April, 1859), and on the day appointed for the extinction of its first series it will have completed its twentieth volume. Of *Household Words* there were eighteen volumes, extending from 1850 to 1859. The conductors of *All the Year Round* have very wisely come to the conclusion that new subscribers are not likely to begin taking in a periodical which drags such a heavy weight of back numbers behind it. Experience shows that most publications of the miscellany order fall off in sale after a certain number of years, and that nothing can galvanize them back to their original vitality. It is therefore very good policy to start afresh, and we think Mr. Dickens would have acted even more judiciously in setting up an entirely new periodical, with a distinct name. We perceive that he talks of changes in the size of the page, and improvements in the printing, paper, &c. To alter the size of the page seems to us a mistake, as it will prevent the new series ranging with the old; and as to the printing and paper, we hope Mr. Dickens is not going to give in to the fashionable affectation of sham old type and "toned" or tinted paper. At the conclusion of the first series a general index to the whole twenty volumes will be published, and it would be difficult to find a more entertaining work than we shall possess in those ten years of *All the Year Round*. One announcement, however, many will read with regret. The Christmas Extra Number is to be given up, though "at the highest tide of its success," Mr. Dickens fearing that, after so many repetitions and imitations, it runs great danger of becoming tiresome. Certainly the main idea has been worked rather threadbare; but we have been accustomed for so many years to associate Mr. Dickens with Christmas that the season will seem strange without him. Mr. Dickens says he himself regrets his own decision, and we are sure his readers will regret it still more.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LORD BYRON.*

A BEAUTIFUL complete Byron for a shilling! This sounds rather too much like the Holborn eating-house keeper's placard, "A devilish good dinner for fourpence;" but really this beautifully printed volume, containing all Byron's poetry, tempts one to exclamations of some kind. Indeed, the publishers have not only presented us with all Byron's poems at that price, but, with reckless and impassioned liberality, they have given the public one poem twice over, as they will discover if they turn to the verses "To a Lady" on page 40, and the same verses (repeated, with the alteration of a word or two in the last line) on page 57.

If anybody will take the pains to inquire at the cheap booksellers' shops, he will learn, what many people would doubt, that there is a large, steady sale for Byron. He is a great favourite with lads at the desk and the counter; with the sort of people who think Canterbury Hall a heavenly place; and with most Irishmen. The same class of persons who admire Dr. Johnson will usually be found, unless they are very serious, to admire Byron. And, indeed, his lordship was as much a rhetorician as a poet. A poet he was, full of energy, action, and animal spirits, and with a splendid mastery of rhyme. Yet even his verse is frequently harsh as well as turgid; and never, except in his bursts of animal spirits and fun, impresses us with the remotest sense of the writer's truthfulness. Simplicity he had none. Nor had he any tenderness, or any reverence, or religious instinct, or any power of reasoning. Leigh Hunt said Byron could never comprehend an argument; and it is obvious on the face of his writing that the remark was a true one. The late Alexander Smith asserted that Byron, when he died, was on the way to become our later Fielding. But Fielding, man of the world as he was, had nevertheless the simplicity of genius. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used to say that if you gave him a mutton-bone and a kitchen-maid, he would experience all the simple raptures of a boy closeted with a Venus—at least, that is the ultimate effect of what the lady said. And there is always something of idyllic possibility in his writings. Byron, to return to him, had no simplicity; and, partly through fastidiousness, and partly through the insincerity which put an obstructing medium between him and his facts, never got the true feel of life. He always wore gloves—we speak metaphorically—of some kind or other, except when he was in his rollicking vein. Then, we must admit, he is infinitely amusing. "Don Juan," "Beppo," the "Vision of Judgment," and the two cantos translated from the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci, are certainly a splendid bequest of fun from one man, and we never tire of laughing over them, whatever we may think of their spirit.

Perhaps we may interest some readers by referring to a few of the less known facts of Byron's life. Most people believe he had one club foot. But Mr. Trelawney has carried our knowledge upon that melancholy subject a good deal further. When Fletcher sent for him to see his master's corpse, Mr. Trelawney asked him to leave the room to fetch a glass of water, and in his absence lifted the covering. Both the feet were clubbed, and both legs withered to the knee: a pitiable sight indeed!

Another point upon which the general reader knows little, is the valuable influence of the poet Shelley upon Byron, both as a man and as a poet. This is a subject for a book rather than a review, but the fact is, that while Shelley, like the little boy he always was, was wrapped in simple wonder at Lord Byron's creations (and his letters abound in expressions of almost abject wonder and homage), Lord Byron was sucking Shelley's brains, and deriving from him those suggestions which gave their peculiar colour to some of his later poems. "Heaven and Earth" would have been a very different poem but for Shelley, if it had ever been written at all.

Few of Byron's admirers have any idea what a horribly bad fellow he could be; to what unspeakable depths of degradation he could descend; or, again, how much a woman that he liked could do in the way of improving him. The glimpses we get of the man in Shelley's letters are very interesting:—

SHELLEY, AT VENICE, TO HIS WIFE.

"At three o'clock I called on Lord Byron: he was delighted to see me.

"He took me in his gondola across the lagoon to a long sandy island, which defends Venice from the Adriatic. When we disembarked, we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode along the sands of the sea, talking. Our conversation consisted in histories of

his wounded feelings, and questions as to my affairs, and great professions of friendship and regard for me. He said that if he had been in England at the time of the Chancery affair, he would have moved heaven and earth to have prevented such a decision. We talked of literary matters, his Fourth Canto, which he says is very good, and indeed repeated some stanzas of great energy to me."

Again:—

SHELLEY, AT NAPLES, TO PEACOCK.

"I entirely agree with what you say about 'Childe Harold.' The spirit in which it is written is, if insane, the most wicked and mischievous insanity that ever was given forth. It is a kind of obstinate and self-willed folly, in which he hardens himself. I remonstrated with him in vain on the tone of mind from which such a view of things alone arises. For its real root is very different from its apparent one. Nothing can be less sublime than the true source of these expressions of contempt and desperation. The fact is, that first, the Italian women with whom he associates are perhaps the most contemptible of all who exist under the moon—the most ignorant, the most disgusting, the most bigoted; * * * * an ordinary Englishman cannot approach them. Well, L. B. is familiar with the lowest sort of these women, the people his gondolieri pick up in the streets. He associates with wretches who seem almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man, and who do not scruple to avow practices which are not only not named, but I believe seldom even conceived in England. He says he disapproves, but he endures. He is heartily and deeply discontented with himself; and contemplating in the distorted mirror of his own thoughts the nature and the destiny of man, what can he behold but objects of contempt and despair? But that he is a great poet, I think the address to Ocean proves. And he has a certain degree of candour while you talk to him, but unfortunately it does not outlast your departure. No, I do not doubt, and, for his sake, I ought to hope, that his present career must end soon in some violent circumstance."

Again:—

SHELLEY, AT RAVENNA, TO HIS WIFE.

"Lord Byron is very well, and was delighted to see me. He has in fact completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent sort of liaison with Contessa Guiccioli, who is now at Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman. She is waiting there until something shall be decided as to their emigration to Switzerland or stay in Italy; which is yet undetermined on either side. She was compelled to escape from the Papal territory in great haste, as measures had already been taken to place her in a convent, where she would have been unrelentingly confined for life.

"Lord Byron had almost destroyed himself in Venice: his state of debility was such that he was unable to digest any food, he was consumed by hectic fever, and would speedily have perished, but for this attachment, which has reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself from carelessness and pride, rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is now quite well, and immersed in politics and literature."

Again:—

SHELLEY, AT RAVENNA, TO HIS WIFE.

"I told you I had written by L. B.'s desire to la Guiccioli, to dissuade her and her family from Switzerland. Her answer is this moment arrived, and my representation seems to have reconciled them to the unfitness of that step. At the conclusion of a letter, full of all the fine things she says she has heard of me, is this request, which I transcribe:—'Signore—la vostra bontà mi fa ardita di chiedervi un favore—me lo accorderete voi? Non partite da Ravenna senza Milord.' Of course, being now, by all the laws of knight-hood, captive to a lady's request, I shall only be at liberty on my parole until Lord Byron is settled at Pisa. I shall reply, of course, that the boon is granted, and that if her lover is reluctant to quit Ravenna, after I have made arrangements for receiving him at Pisa, I am bound to place myself in the same situation as now, to assail him with importunities to rejoin her. Of this there is, fortunately, no need; and I need not tell you there is no fear that this chivalric submission of mine to the great general laws of antique courtesy, against which I never rebel, and which is my religion, should interfere with my quick returning, and long remaining with you, dear girl.

"We ride out every evening as usual, and practice pistol-shooting at a pumpkin; and I am not sorry to observe that I approach towards my noble friend's exactness of aim. The water here is villainous, and I have suffered tortures; but I now drink nothing but alkaline water, and am much relieved. I have the greatest trouble to get away; and L. B., as a reason for my stay, has urged that, without either me or the Guiccioli, he will certainly fall into his old habits. I then talk, and he listens to reason; and I earnestly hope that he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading consequences of his former mode of life to be in danger from the short interval of temptation that will be left him. L. B. speaks with great kindness and interest of you, and seems to wish to see you."

This last extract is very striking, showing, as it does, not only that the Countess Guiccioli knew, but that Byron himself knew the value, in the way of social restraint, of the friendship of a pure-minded man like Shelley. There is something almost amusingly imploring about the beautiful lady's "Don't leave Ravenna without taking Milord with you."

The interest of these extracts will, we hope, excuse their length. One or two more notes as to matters of fact known in literary circles, but not to general readers, may be added.

* The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Reprinted from the Original Editions. With Explanatory Notes, &c. (Chandos Classics.) London: F. Warne & Co.

Lady Byron, ridiculed by her husband in the familiar and very clever versés in "Don Juan"—

"Her favourite science was the mathematical,"

and so on, was in fact an able and accomplished woman; a thinker, and a good writer. There are letters of hers extant which Mr. Mill would not be ashamed of. Again, the Countess of Lovelace, lately deceased, the Ada of "Childe Harold," was a mathematician and well versed in the sciences. The best proof of the estimation in which she was held during her lifetime is that she was, in well-informed circles, credited for a long time with the authorship of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation."

We have preferred breaking what, to large numbers of readers, will be new ground, to making general criticisms upon Byron's poetry, and can only, in conclusion, say that this "Chandos" edition is a wonder in its way.

SLEEP SCENES.*

THERE are books which cause us sincerely to regret that other books have been written. No sooner is a success in literature achieved by a man of genius than a whole host of imitators spring up in his track, and, attempting to follow him, lead their misguided readers into regions of fog and mist, where all is indeed barren. De Quincey has, unconsciously, a great deal to answer for in this respect. By the use of a close style and a genuine enthusiasm he composed a work which, although we believe it to have been more highly valued than it deserved, still was charged with sufficient power and interest to give it a more or less enduring hold upon the public. His subject, as every one knows, was opium. The excuse which he gave for the recitation of visions was satisfactory enough for the purposes of art, though any one who reads his "Confessions" with care will detect that the drug would not account for the splendid scenes which he depicted, nor for the language with which he was enabled to colour them. But numbers of people with that unpleasant determination of prose or blank verse to the head, for which their friends are made to suffer, thought apparently that, in order to rival De Quincey, they had only to buy laudanum from the nearest apothecary. They entirely forgot that, as "the eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing," no amount of physic taken into the system will result in a valuable intellectual product when the physic has nothing to start with. They might as well have imagined that a tailor really makes a man when he makes his clothes, or that doses of salts could make a Dryden. Pope must have had them in mind when he described Dulness in the "Dunciad":—

"Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And destined here the imperial seat of fools."

Now, the gentleman who has been the latest offender in this respect we are afraid has suffered over severely for his blunder or his crime. The effect of opium upon him has been that he has committed literary suicide. If his mind had ever any vitality in that department, his book is a proof of its present desolation. In this way he may do more good asleep than awake. Whoever undertakes to watch him through his "Scenes" will avoid opium as he would prussic acid or arsenic. Of course, to render the example more complete and satisfactory, we ought to have had a specimen of work before he had taken to the laudanum-bottle. A great author has told us of the effect of temperance upon a wooden leg; here we have an illustration of the effect of indulgence in laudanum—well, not on a wooden leg, but upon a head apparently of a constitution suggestive of timber. For all we know, however, Philip drunk may be superior to Philip sober; but if he is, the case of Philip sober should receive the immediate attention of any relatives who are interested in his making a will.

The "Scenes" open with an introduction (blank verse—the whole business is set in blank verse) headed "Atra Cura." It will be remembered that "Atra Cura" sat behind the horse-man; here, apostrophized as the "black hag, Sorrow," we find her taken into one of the panniers of the donkey on which our author attempts to scale the sides of Parnassus. The melancholy burden suits his complexion. A dog bays the moon in a minor key, and a poet of this order invariably starts off with a dismal howl. This, he imagines, concentrates interest upon him at once. He puts a pocket-handkerchief to his eyes for the same reason that your comic singer places a battered hat on the back or the front of his head, to assist the

humour of the thing. The "Drinker" announces that he has suffered from the wiles of a woman:—

"Oh! torn human heart,
Had'st thou never known the love of womankind
Thou had'st not poured thy woes in strains like these;
But thou, alas! hast found that through all time
Wise men have said, and will say ever more—
A viper stings not like a woman's tongue,
And Hell burns hottest in a woman's heart."

We think it is hard to render the sex responsible for this. A little further on we are told that the great exorciser of care and trouble is laudanum. Our poet calls it "nepenthe," borrowing the phrase, we should suspect, from Poe, and being entirely ignorant that the Greek nepenthe was not opium, but a preparation of hemp. If our poet had used hemp as "nepenthe," in the shape of rope, we do not think—speaking now impersonally as critics—that the world would have been inconsolable. However, as we say, he holds up a phial of laudanum, and in attempting to poeticise about it, as Faust does about his elixir, he succeeds in reaching the height of Mr. Dion Boucicault chanting the virtues of his "Cruiskeen Lawn." When he swallows his bumper he gets, so to speak, sufficient Dutch courage to address the public in this style:—

"List now to me, and lo! I show thee all
The wondrous visions and the mighty scenes
Wherein thou too mayest revel free from care,
Like an inferior Beast whom I despise,
Grovel and listen."

What a bully is Ancient Pistol! And may we not ask, as did the lady who visited Jonathan Wild in prison, when addressed by a name which began with the same letter as Beast—why Beast, Sir Poet? And why should we grovel in order to listen? We cannot make out, unless that our dreary versifier resembles the booming bittern, popularly supposed to stick its bill in the bogs, and thus send its note through the quagmire, so that in order to hear it clearly you must lie down on your face. The above neat invitation being concluded, the "Beast" (you and ourselves, readers) are asked to "revel" in "Lethe." Your bad poet invariably sets sail upon Lethe. It sounds vague and classic. This gentleman requires "a morning" of his nepenthe—a swig from his inspiring flask—before he embarks. When he drinks his sensations are of this nature:—

"I drink!
Blest nectar, dark Nepenthe! and I feel
That care is struggling vainly with thy might;
Now, now, 'tis banished! Nought of it remains,
Slow fades the hated world."

He then goes on a voyage of Enchantment, in which he is accompanied by Memory, who tells him of the Past and the Future, and other capital-letter abstractions. He sees his Lost Opportunities, and speaks of them as of a shoal of fish; his Happy Days dance around him like mermaids; he meets Hope herself, who speaks as Lord Lytton used to write when he presided over the relations between the Beautiful and the True in the Morning of Life. Our poet has next "A Dream of Love." He does not, by the way, require a further tippie for this, which may account for a certain falling-off in vigour. There are spasms of the old force occasionally however. Here, for instance, is an idea which we venture to suggest the poet arrived at by remembering a curious fact connected with the natural history of the cat:—

"One horrid cry went up
From out his very heart—a cry of pain—
That if I live five lives, I pray my God
I ne'er may hear again."

Your duty on that occasion, Mr. Laudanum, was to rush forward with your pain-killer; but poets are subject to absence of mind, and your mind was here awa' and there awa', like "Wandering Willie." We regret to perceive our author not only losing his mind, but his temper further on:—

"Curse'd for ever be the life of her
Who tampers with a heart," &c.

We are afraid that laudanum is not a generous liquor. To say nothing of the manner in which it puts you face to face with your Lost Opportunities, and, it may be your Unpaid Debts, it appears to send you reeling off at the end of a bout, swearing roundly at the ladies. Our author winds up with a sort of nightmare Apocalypse. He calls it "The Vision of the End." It is a dreadful business, compounded of the Scriptures, the witches' scene in "Macbeth," and the diabolical gruel of "Der Freischütz." There are blasted forests, seas dissolving into blood, and hills howling and tumbling with terror. The Nations are down on their knees, while Sammaël flourishes a sword over them—

* Sleep Scenes; or, Dreams of a Laudanum Drinker. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

"Upon whose point
The dark Gall trembles with its point of death!"

In the midst of all this our poet, seated or standing on a rock, surveys everything as coolly as a newspaper correspondent taking notes of a battle. An angel has a friendly chat with him, and says, in point of fact, that "Time's up;" but the angel's way of talking is more rhythmical:—

"This is the vision of the end of Time."

Then there is more writhing, shouting, and blaspheming, when suddenly the bell rings, and down comes the curtain.

"I started, and awoke; my broken dream
Fled like the south wind at the tempest's howl;
The gentle morn was streaming through the pane,
Bathing my couch in rays of silver fire,
And all around was still.

The great Earth slept,
For the End was not yet!"

The laudanum-drinker then comes forward to beg our favour for his work. He has taken, he says, "a leap for fame." He has indeed with a vengeance, and we never hope to see him come up again. He had no need to carry stones in his hands in order to sink: nature has weighted him for diving into the lowest deeps of nonsense, and the laudanum keeps him at the bottom. He asks us to

"Forgive the numbers for the author's sake."

His book is anonymous, and even if it were not we doubt whether it would not be mistaken charity on our part to deal with it leniently. We are enjoined to pardon our enemies, but we are not commanded to tolerate bad poets. We have no objection, however, to pray that this gentleman who calumniates the Muse may be brought to a better sense of what is due to the public. Let him abjure ink as well as laudanum, and there is some hope that he may become a comparatively inoffensive member of society.

A HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.*

ON the occasion of an *acto-de-fé* at Goa (for India has blessed memories of the Inquisition), the preacher compared the Holy Office to Noah's Ark, which received all sorts of beasts wild, but sent them out tame. The Augustinian monk had a keen sense of humour, which appeared to be sharpened by the prospect of the burning of a batch of heretics, but, nevertheless, his simile was the expression of a very sober reality. The poor creatures (two hundred in number) whom he addressed had been so tamed by the rack and by confinement in dark and fetid dungeons that if they had really been wild beasts instead of men, they would have lost all their original characteristics, and been as harmless as lions with drawn teeth and claws well clipped.

The love of organization is inherent in civilized races, and therefore it was only natural that persecution should have a special machinery—be raised, in fact, to the dignity of an institution, with a hierarchy, palaces, prisons, a code of laws and regulations, chartered privileges, and instruments of torture peculiarly its own. From the time of Constantine the Great there had always been Christian persecutors, but it required something of civilized craft, combined with the cruel ferocity of barbarous times, to organize the system which the Dominicans devised; which attained its perfect development under Torquemada and Ximenez; and of which Eymeric (revised by Peña) compiled the laws. The Inquisition has its vulgar aspects, for the instruments with which it worked (whether human or mechanical) were as coarse and revolting as men could employ; but it also has its intellectual side, upon the superbly Satanic features of which the pen of a Dante or a Milton might well have been employed. It was the most formidable attempt ever made in the history of mankind to destroy the independence of the human mind, to bind men's souls to the dead body of priestcraft, and in theological matters to compel priests and laity alike to be the abject slaves of a fixed form of belief. The Inquisition was never established in England—even the shadow of a constitutional government could not tolerate the presence of a foreign and secret tribunal. It flourished only for a brief time in France, and that chiefly in the county of Toulouse, which may be said to have been its birthplace and cradle. But its chief home—where, indeed, its influence was for centuries all but universal—was to be sought for in southern lands—in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. In those

countries the Holy Inquisition grew to be historical—an institution which was interwoven with the fabric of society, with the business of government, the policy of kings, the inner life of the meanest private citizen. There was no individual, no occurrence too exalted or too obscure for the exercise of all the influence which could be brought to bear upon him or it by every member of this synagogue of Satan, from the Grand Inquisitor down to the humblest "familiar."

A history of the Inquisition could not fail to be instructive, especially when written with such manifest care as is the work by Dr. W. H. Rule, so well and so favourably known as a leading minister of the Wesleyan denomination. The plan of his book is skilfully arranged, and the materials well digested. The historical facts have been collated with chronological accuracy, and with scrupulous regard to the trustworthiness of the authorities that have been consulted. If Dr. Rule fails at all, it is because he does not present a view of the philosophy of the Inquisition and of the influence it exerted on the intellectual and religious history of the countries in which it acquired an ascendancy. For example, it is not enough to say that Spain owes her decadence to the Inquisition; we should like to see the operation of the causes which led to the miserable decline of a nation whose power was once supreme on two continents. It is the province of the historian not merely to draw a moral from events, but to portray the effect of those events upon the progress and character of mankind. It may detract from the higher value of Dr. Rule's work that he has missed this aim; while at the same time it is equally true that no history was ever written, or could be written, which more clearly pointed its own moral or stood less in need of a philosophical disquisition.

Dr. Rule has told the story of the Inquisition in France and in Italy, and, aided by the interesting narrative of M. Dellon, he has described its deeds in the Indian possessions of the Portuguese. But it is in Spain and Portugal that we make acquaintance with the Inquisition in its most imposing form; for in those kingdoms rulers as well as subjects implicitly recognised its authority, and obeyed its behests. Its development was a work of time. Torquemada was its high priest in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, but it was not till Philip II., the implacable husband of Queen Mary, became King of Spain, that the faithful were rewarded with the first formal celebration of the *autos-da-fé*. The first holy tribunal was built on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and was adorned with this inscription:—"God grant that for the protection and augmentation of the faith it may abide unto the end of time! Arise, O Lord, judge Thy cause! Catch ye the foxes!" The foxes were, indeed, caught, for in one year Torquemada had the satisfaction of burning two thousand Judaizers. It is true that one of the inquisitors—Pedro Arbues Zaragoza by name—was assassinated; but the Queen gave what comfort she could to his shade by erecting a monument (with a pathetic inscription) to his memory. It remains, however, to be told that in 1867—only one year ago—Pius IX. canonized this inquisitor: an incredible fact, but one which can easily be verified. In spite of this canonization posterity is not likely to forget this saint's victims, or to blind itself to the real cause of his martyrdom. Torquemada and Ximenez—these two names stand out in the history of the Inquisition like that of Ignatius Loyola in the history of the Jesuits; and no wonder, for in the grand Inquisitorial reign of Torquemada the Jews, to the number of 800,000, were expelled from Spain, and 10,000 heretics were burned at the stake; while under Ximenez the Moors and Moriscoes (to whom we owe all that is beautiful in the architecture or antiquarian associations of Spain of our own day) were remorselessly driven back to Barbary. Thousands of the most pathetic stories which ever drew tears from womankind might be told of the Inquisition, and some of these Dr. Rule narrates in a manner well calculated to excite the sympathies of his readers. The Inquisition in Portugal bore a close resemblance to the sister institution in Spain, but with this difference—that if it were more cruel, it was less intolerant. "The punctual rigour of the Spanish Inquisition is not repeated in Portugal, where the student cannot fail to observe a more savage, yet more feeble discipline. False witnesses, for example, are seldom or never punished in Spain, but rather rewarded; whereas in Portugal they have been punished by scores at once. In Spain, proposals to reform the tribunal would bring the proposer to the stake; whereas in Portugal the subject is freely canvassed in open day. In the one kingdom an inquisitor resigning his office in disgust would be surely put to death; but in the other an inquisitor has been known to resign, not only with impunity, but with applause. Yet the Portuguese *actos* are distinguished by a brutal excess of torment, betraying a weakness and wantonness far in excess of

* History of the Inquisition, in every Country where its Tribunals have been Established. By William Harris Rule, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

what we generally find in Spain." It is only just to state that Dr. Rule's account of the Inquisition in the two countries bears out the distinction which he has thus instituted.

In France the quasi-independence of the Church—what are called "the Gallic liberties"—proved fatal to the Inquisition. In Spain it was suppressed by Napoleon I., and the inquisitors were either arrested and removed to Bayonne, or compelled to fly; and although it was re-established under Ferdinand VII., and even now there is a "Tribunal of Faith" in Madrid, the old Inquisition has long ceased to exist. In Portugal it perished in the year 1821, when constitutional liberty was dawning upon that kingdom; and the Inquisition at Goa was also extinguished at this time, and by the same means. In Rome the Holy Office lingered until our own day, and even yet has a nominal existence. But happily Dr. Rule can write of the Inquisition as an institution of the past—an institution which could not possibly co-exist with modern civilization.

CHAPTERS ON MAN.*

In quite an honest sense Mr. Wake's work may be called a book of books. What we mean is, that these Chapters on Man are largely, if not gratuitously, made up of extracts and opinions taken from the books of other men. That this method of book-building was inevitable on the part of the author is obvious. Mr. Wake is not so much, in any precise or scientific sense, a metaphysician, as a student of metaphysics; he is less a geologist than a student of geology; and never having been a traveller, he is necessarily compelled to have recourse to the treasures brought home by those who have personally footed the unknown spaces of the earth. He is in fact a student of the new science of anthropology, which can be studied by anybody of common sense, whether scientifically or only miscellaneously trained. Of course, Mr. Wake, in working upon materials got at second hand, belongs to a large and most respectable class of writers who are only entitled to be called men of science in a secondary sense. Considering man as the highest in the series of the "phenomenal developments of nature," and "most closely related to those creatures who are nearest to him in the scale of being," Mr. Wake thinks that "it is to the animal world we must look for the phenomena the consideration of which may help us to explain the problems of our own nature." The unsatisfactory condition of mental science is, he thinks, in a great measure attributable to the neglect of "the phenomena displayed in the mental activity of the lower animals," and he is of opinion that "a strict examination of those phenomena is absolutely necessary to the formation of a perfect science of psychology." Some such examination Mr. Wake endeavours to supply in the first part of his work. That great earnestness and ability are displayed in the discussion, it would be wrong to deny; but we cannot see that in the result he adds a single new view or fact to the sum of our knowledge on the subject. On all points he writes with the intelligence of an acute observer, but without that originality necessary to "strike" gold in the fertile and inexhaustible fields of science.

To the majority of readers the second part of Mr. Wake's book, which treats of the antiquity of man, will present greater attractions than the first. We can promise those who may look into it that they will be richly repaid for their labour. The facts of the case, gathered from numerous sources, are presented in such a manner that the result reads like a romance. Of the many old beliefs being slowly shattered and dissipated by geological investigation, those as to the origin and antiquity of man are among the most remarkable. Both branches of the inquiry are confessedly incomplete, the former especially so, although the stream of evidence is flowing with increasing impetus and volume in one particular course, and that sharply divergent from the ancient channels. But whatever may issue from a complete investigation into the origin of man, the inquiry as to the antiquity of the human family can apparently have but one result—that of showing that the date of man's first appearance upon the earth must be thrust back many thousands of years beyond the date given for that event in the Mosaic chronology. As yet, however, the nature of the evidence will only admit of a proximate calculation. Some points in this evidence are rather curious. There is, for instance, a theory that the present arrangement of sea and land is the result of glacial action, produced by the procession of the equinoxes, which operates so as to transfer from pole to pole the centre of gravity or attraction by means of vast accumula-

tions of ice and snow at either alternately, through a long period of time called the great year, which is divided into the great summer and winter, each continuing, according to Adhemar, for 10,500 years. "During the whole of this period one of the poles has continually had shorter winters and longer summers than the other. It follows that the pole which submits to the long winter undergoes a gradual and continuous cooling, in consequence of which the quantities of ice and snow, which melt during the summer, are more than compensated by that which is again produced in the winter. The ice and snow go on accumulating from year to year, and finish at the end of the period by forming, at the coldest pole, a sort of mist or cap, voluminous, thick, and heavy enough to modify the spheroidal form of the earth. This modification, as a necessary consequence, produces a notable displacement of the centre of gravity, or—for it amounts to the same thing—of the centre of attraction, round which all the watery masses tend to restore it." The South pole, it is believed, finished its great winter in 1248 B.C., when nearly all the southern hemisphere was covered by the watery masses. About that date, however, began the great winter of the northern hemisphere, and is still progressing. M. Mangin says, "Our pole goes on getting cooler continually; ice is being heaped upon snow, and snow upon ice, and in 7,388 years the centre of gravity of the earth will return to its normal position, which is the geometrical centre of the spheroid. Following the immutable laws of central attraction, the southern waters accruing from the melted ice and snows of the South pole will return to invade and overwhelm once more the continents of the northern hemisphere, giving birth to new continents, in all probability, in the southern hemisphere." The glacial epoch, according to Mr. Wake, consists of several periods, each of which has its maximum point of cold, "but during only one of these periods the accumulation of ice attains so great a height as to result in the change of the earth's centre of gravity, and the consequent submergence and elevation of vast tracts of land." This view extends the range of the glacial changes beyond the time allowed in the original hypothesis of Adhemar, and it is the opinion of Mr. Croll that while "the period of maximum cold must have been somewhere about 200,000 or 210,000 years ago, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit will for more than 100,000 years remain too low to allow of that vast accumulation of ice at the poles which marks a glacial epoch." The connection of the glacial theory of the distribution of sea and land with the presumed antiquity of man on the face of the earth is indicated in the following manner. There is an opinion supported by innumerable facts that man existed in the southern hemisphere previous to the formation of the Indian Ocean about the beginning of the tertiary period. If this opinion be well founded, as it seems to be, Mr. Wake thinks that man cannot have originated less than 200,000 years ago, or previous to the last glacial epoch, during which the continent now occupied by the waters of the Indian Ocean was submerged.

Regarding the fact and history of this sub-Indian continent, a curious and very attractive theory has been propounded, the evidence in support of which Mr. Wake has gathered together with a labour equal to his love of the subject. It would be a singular event if it should turn out that the writers who have poured forth endless treatises on the subject of the Garden of Eden had proceeded entirely upon a wrong track. More singular still would it be if one touch of geology should solve a problem which the whole body of Biblical commentary had failed to achieve. All speculation has ended hitherto in placing the geographical position of the Garden of Eden somewhere in Armenia. The new theory places it in the depths of the Indian Ocean! There, among the plains and valleys of that continent, now overflowed by a beautiful sea, first appeared, by whatever method created or originated, the first families of the human race. The grounds upon which this theory is sought to be established are simple and intelligible. As the narrative in Genesis places the garden "eastward in Eden," in which four rivers—the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel, and the Euphrates—had their source, those who have investigated the subject have endeavoured to fix the position of Eden by establishing the identity of the rivers named. The attempt has hitherto completely failed; but now, assuming that the three first rivers are represented by the Indus, the Nile, and the Tigris, about the identity of which alone there could be a doubt, Delitzsch asks whether it is possible that the author of the Biblical narrative has supposed the Indian Pison and the Nile, with the Tigris and Euphrates, to proceed out of one common source. Mr. Wake thinks that this is not only possible but certain, although he is of opinion that their common source need not be sought in Armenia, as Delitzsch supposes, but

* Chapters on Man. With the Outlines of a Science of Comparative Psychology. By O. Staniland Wake, Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London. London: Trübner & Co.

"where these four rivers *would* meet if they were continued into the Arabian Sea." Nor would this be impossible if the present geographical formation of the countries bordering on this sea were greatly altered, a thing not difficult to suppose, considering that "the elevation or depression of a mountain range may change or even reverse the flow of all the rivers of a continent. It is curious," continues Mr. Wake, "that the spot where, according to this hypothesis, Eden, the primitive home of the Semitic race, would be placed, lies within that portion of the submerged continent which connected India with Africa, and to which the origin of the Semitico-Ethiopic peoples has already been referred on independent grounds. It is, moreover, a curious coincidence that Ceylon, the Indian name for which (*Langkâ*) the Brahmins say means 'a place of happiness or delight,' at one time, according to tradition, formed a large continent, the greater part of which was overwhelmed by the sea. What is at least equally strange, the date fixed for this catastrophe (2378 B.C.) very nearly agrees with the date (2348 B.C.) now usually assigned to the Deluge of Genesis. Tradition would seem, however, to place the 'continent' of Ceylon towards the east rather than to the north or west; but, nevertheless, this coincidence of time may perhaps show a connection between these two great catastrophes." The tradition of the Deluge, in some form, is spread among all the races of men. But the universality of the tradition does not necessarily involve the universality of the catastrophe, even although the tradition in each case localizes the event. It is a more rational process to derive the different races from the scene of the Deluge, than to imagine the Deluge spread over every part of the earth to which man ultimately wandered. By thus transferring the scene of the Flood to the place of man's actual origin "we bring all these peoples back," says Mr. Wake, "to the great central ethnic basin of the Indian Ocean; and we have, in their traditions, evidence to support the opinion that man had his origin in countries which that ocean now covers." The destruction of the sub-Indian continent, "a geological change which necessarily supposes a deluge," would be the means of spreading traditions of the event with the remnant of each race that escaped at different points round the margin of the flood-basin. Each of the surviving tribes, separated by vast reaches of the new sea, would naturally imagine themselves to be the only living beings on the face of the earth, "and thus, as the Semitic race thought its ancestors alone had been saved from the fury of the Deluge, so the Papua race of Australia have the same opinion as to themselves." Believing that the Australian aborigines, of all existing races, approach nearest the primitive type of man, it is possible, Mr. Wake thinks, that man's primeval home on the submerged continent was nearer the Australian continent than to Africa; in which case "it may be that the Eden of the Hebrews is identical with the Lankâ of the Brahmins, not the present island of Ceylon merely, but the traditional continent which stretched far to the southward and eastward, and which certain zoological affinities would seem to prove had, at one time, been annexed to the Australian continent." In order, however, to render intelligible the position of certain of the races into which mankind is now divided, Mr. Wake supposes that there must have been several secondary centres of human origin, but all within the compass of the sub-Indian continent. With reference to the Hebrew legend of the "Cherubim with the flaming sword," by whom primeval man was driven out of the Garden of Eden, it may reasonably be explained to be a poetic reminiscence of the fiery volcanic action which would doubtless accompany the submergence of those beautiful fields which suffered so marvellous a sea-change. It would require but a slight effort of imagination to see in such violent convulsions of fire and water the power and personal presence of a God interfering to punish human disobedience and sin.

This singular theory is rendered even more striking by the array of facts which Mr. Wake marshals in its support. It is proved by obvious affinities of language that all the different races on the face of the earth are related to each other, and sprang from a common origin. Other arguments go to show that the centre of their origination was within the great ethnic basin of the sub-Indian Continent; and the fact of this continent is proved by comparing the faunæ and floræ of the several countries bordering on the Indian Ocean, the agreement between which confirms the idea of these countries having formerly been connected. A number of pertinent geological arguments are added. Altogether the question is so interesting that we feel justified in expressing the opinion that Mr. Wake's book is well worth looking into, were it for nothing else than to see how much poetry and probability a little drop of science can infuse into a subject now almost barren of both.

SHORT NOTICES.

Flosculi Literarum, or Gems from the Poetry of all Time, faithfully rendered into English Verse. By John George Harding. (Effingham Wilson.)

This little collection of translations from the Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and German classical poets is neatly done, and many of the renderings are happy and elegant; but we would ask Mr. Harding whether the Charon of Virgil would be recognised in his translation of—

"Navita sed tristis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos,
Ast alios longè submotos arcet arena,"

into—

"But the grave sailor takes now these, now those,
And scares the others from the bank, and—goes."

The book is dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Gladstone.

The Complete Reader for Upper and Middle Class Schools. By E. T. Stevens and Charles Hole. Book 4. (Longmans & Co.)

This is the last of Messrs. Stevens and Hole's school series of "The Complete Reader." The intention has been to interest the pupil and to cultivate a pure literary taste, a thing much to be desired. This fourth book contains extracts from most English writers of note, both in prose and in verse. It has an index to English authors, and a table of roots and prefixes judiciously chosen, and not too long.

The Quiver: an Illustrated Magazine for Sunday and General Reading. Vol. III. (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)

Volume III. is worthy of its predecessors. With many interesting and instructive papers by clergymen and others, it has some excellent tales, one especially, "Peggy Ogilvie's Inheritance," full of charming pictures of Scottish life. Plenty of crumbs for the little ones are scattered over its pages, and the verses and illustrations are wonderfully good for a magazine of its price. One or two of the etchings by Miss M. E. Edwards are remarkable for their sweetness and simplicity.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams (W. H. D.), *The Steady Aim.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
Aunt Agnes. By a Clergyman's Daughter. New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
Basket (The) of Flowers. New edit., with Coloured Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Beames (J.), *Outlines of Indian Philology.* 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Bigsby (J. J.), *Thesaurus Siluricus: The Flora and Fauna of the Silurian Period.* 4to., 18s.
Braddon (Miss), *Charlotte's Inheritance.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
—, *The Lady's Mile.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
—, *John Marchmont's Legacy.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Bradshaw (S.), *Adventures among Madmen and Madwomen.* 12mo., 3d.
Brereton (C. D.), *Voces and Lectures.* 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Broadway Annual (The): 1869. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Brown (H. S.), *Bulwark of Protestantism.* 8vo., 1d.
Cassell's Popular Drawing Copies. 4 parts. Oblong, 6d. each.
Chronicles of St. Mary's. By S. D. N. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Companion Library.—*Love's Conflict.* By Florence Marryat. Feap., 2s.
Cox (E. W.), and Grady (S. G.), *New Law and Practice of Registration and Elections.* Part II. 12mo., 10s.
—, ditto. Complete in 1 vol. 12mo., 17s. 6d.
Dante's *Purgatorio and Paradiso.* Italian Text, with 60 Illustrations. By G. Doré. Folio, £5. each.
Day (T.), *Sandford and Merton.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
Demosthenes, with an English Commentary. By Rev. R. Whiston. Vol. II. 8vo., 10s.
Denison (Lieut.-Col. G.), *Modern Cavalry: its Organization, Armament, &c.* Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Dunn (H.), *Church Questions.* Cr. 8vo., 3s.
Easy Poetry Lessons for Children. 12mo., 2d.
Epitome of the Bible. Part III. *Isaiah to Malachi.* Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Fonblanque (A.), and Holdsworth (J.), *How We are Governed.* New edit. Revised by A. C. Ewald. Feap., 2s. 6d.
Foreign Office List (The). July 1868. 8vo., 5s.
Frankland (Capt. W. A.), *Sapper's Manual, for use of Engineer Volunteer Corps.* Part I. 18mo., 2s.
Goodrich (F. B.), *The Sea and her Famous Sailors.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
Goubaud (Madame), *Embroidery Instructions.* Feap., 1s.
—, *Berlin Wool Instructions.* Feap., 1s.
—, *Crochet Instructions.* Feap., 1s.
Heywood's Writing Cards. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
Hone (J.), *Tales of the Spirit World.* Cr. 8vo., 1s.
In Vain. By Heraclitus Grey. 3 vols., Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
Legends of Westmoreland and the Lake District. Feap., 2s.
Massinger (P.), *Plays from the Text of Gifford.* By F. Cunningham. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Miall (J. G.), *Congregationalism in Yorkshire: a Chapter on Modern Church History.* 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference, 1863. 12mo., 1s. 4d.
Morris (W.), *The Earthly Paradise: a Poem.* 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 14s.
Neale (Rev. J. M.), and Littledale (Rev. R. F.), *Commentary on the Psalms from Primitive and Mediæval Writers.* Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Newman (J. H.), *Parochial and Plain Sermons.* New edit. Vol. V. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Out of the Meshes: a Story. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
Reid (Capt. Mayne), *The Giraffe Hunters.* Feap., 2s.
Routledge's Every Boy's Annual, 1869. Edited by E. Routledge. 8vo., 6s.
Ryder (Rev. R.), *Flowers of Paradise.* Cr. 8vo., 2s.
Smith (W.), *School of Art Models Object Drawing Book.* 4to., 3s. 6d.
Short French Grammar as used at Marlborough College. Feap., 3s. 6d.
Skull Hunters (The). By Capt. Mayne Reid. 12mo., 1s.
Snellen (H.), *Text Types for Determination of the Acuteness of Vision.* 4th edit. 8vo., 4s.
Stewart (Rev. D. J.), *On the Architectural History of Ely Cathedral.* 8vo., 21s.
Sturm (C. C.), *Reflections.* By A. Clarke. 2 vols. 12mo., reduced to 5s.
Tom Holt's Log: a Tale of the Sea. By W. S. Hayward. Feap., 2s.
Twenty-minute Sermons. By a Rural Dean. 4to., 2s.
Virchow (R.), *On Famine, Fever, and some other of the Cognate Forms.* 8vo., 2s.
Waterfield (W.), *Indian Ballads, and other Poems.* Cr. 8vo., 6s.
White (H.), *Guide to the Civil Service.* 10th edit. Edited by A. C. Ewald. Feap., 2s. 6d.
Wildman (The) of the Woods: a Story from the French of E. Berthet. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
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